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CHRISTIAN ETHICS

AND

WISE SAYINGS.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS

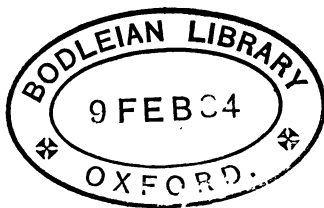
AND

WISE SAYINGS.

BY

A PRESBYTER

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.



LONDON:

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PREFACE.

HERE the Reader will find

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

I can claim but little of this book as my own work. I have rather entered into other men's labours, and gathered with a glad and thankful heart a few of the various fruits and flowers I have met with in their many fields of learning.

“I find,” says Virgil, “in some neglected authors particular things not elsewhere to be found.” This experience has been mine.

No statement in this book should be accepted as true, simply because it was written by some great man; but every sentence should be weighed and considered on its own merits. I have, therefore, frequently omitted the author's name.

This volume is intended chiefly for those who have neither time nor opportunity to study or consult many writers.

Its design is to inform the head, affect the heart, refresh the memory, delight the mind; to comfort the distressed, and confirm the faith of the wavering; to arouse the idler, and encourage the worker.

It may be read by all without a blush.

I now offer the Reader the following pages—

“Content, if here th’ unlearn’d their wants may view;
The learn’d reflect on what before they knew.”

“*Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum,*”

says Horace: “If you know anything better than these maxims of mine, kindly tell it me; but if not, make use of the precepts I have laid down, and together with me, at once reduce them to practice.”

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Apologia.

GOOD THOUGHTS are true wealth. They are fountains of living water. They are gems that always shine. They are impenetrable shields to protect the character. They are goodly apparel for the mind; they are right noble companions. They are fair angels of light. They are flowers of rich beauty and sweet fragrance. They are seeds of noble actions and noble institutions. They are moulds in which exalted characters are formed. They make good and great men. They are a nation's mightiest bulwarks. A good thought is a grand legacy to bequeath to the world.—*Alpha Beta.*

Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known because they are not promised in the title. *He that collects those under proper heads is very laudably employed*; for though he exerts no great ability in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.—*Johnson.*

Activity.

NATURE has made occupation a necessity ; society makes it a duty ; habit makes it a pleasure.

Be doing. He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Vires acquirit eundo, says Virgil. It gains new strength and vigour as it goes.

Cato learnt Greek at eighty ; Plutarch, almost as old, Latin.

Solon the Sage, his progress never ceased,
But still his learning with his days increased.

Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast—"Without haste, but without rest" ; or "Haste not, rest not"—the motto on Goethe's ring.

Festina lente—hasten slowly—said Augustus.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

There's nothing gotten in this life
Without a world of toil and strife.

Labour is become necessary to us, not only because we need it for making provisions for our life ; but even to ease the labour of our rest, there being no greater tediousness of spirit in the world than want of employment and an inactive life.

I must not do
Everything at once ! as madmen do.

* * * *

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

* * * *

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Hurry and cunning will justly hinder me : despatch and skill will as certainly help me.

Be always busy and be always quiet.

He reckoned not the past, whilst aught remained
Great to be done, or mighty to be gained.

Christ not only knows what we do, but why we do it.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

Calling to mind the learning of the ancient fathers we might think they did nothing but read; seeing their works that they did nothing but write; considering their devotion that they did nothing but pray.

A Lord Chancellor being asked how he got through so much business, said: "I have three rules; the first is, I am a whole man to one thing at a time; the second is, I never lose a passing opportunity of doing anything that can be done; and the third is, I never entrust to other people what I ought to do myself."

Industry accomplishes things that to the idle and indolent appear impossibilities.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The active do commonly more than they are obliged to do; the indolent do less.

To business that we love, we rise betimes,
And go to it with delight.

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.

A man who is deeply in earnest acts upon the motto of the pick-axe on the old seal, "Either I will find a way or I will make one."

Napoleon, on the eve of a battle, being told that circumstances were against him, replied: "Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them."

I must never suffer the invaluable moments of my life to steal by unimproved, and leave me in idleness and vacancy. I must be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labour for the common good—

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

The present moment is the time to do good; the place where I am the locality for my labour of love. I must not wait for a more convenient season; I must not wait for better opportunities of glorifying God, or benefiting my neighbour.

Adversity.

"IN the day of adversity consider."—ECC. vii. 14.

"Remember them which suffer adversity"—HEB. xiii. 3—by praying for them, visiting them, sympathizing with them, relieving them.

Let me "consider," as God counsels me, in this day of my adversity. Wherefore hath this distress come upon me? Why does God contend with me? Why does He thus deal with me? for He is the Author of this adversity whoever is the instrument. God's design in this adversity is to humble me; to wean me from the world; to make me feel my dependance upon Him; perhaps to call some unrepented sin to repentance; to teach me not to set my heart on riches, or pleasures, or honours, and not to trust in an arm of flesh.

If God blights my gourd it is that He Himself may be my shadow; if He barks my fig-tree it is that He may lead me to the tree of life, and under the shadow of that tree I may sit down with great delight, and the fruit of that tree shall be sweet to my taste.

I must not murmur, I must not fret under this dark dispensation, for adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience. I must trust in God my Father, Who careth for me, and Who

to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

If I have a still and quiet conscience, a mind at peace with God, then the *res angusta domi*, the straitened circumstances of my home, need not overwhelm me, for God can always help me; nothing is too hard for Him; and He hath said, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. . . . Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

It is still true that

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

And it is also true that friends

"in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found, tho' sought."

Let me remember that earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal; the bitter past, more welcome is the sweet; things at the worst will cease, or mend. Then "be cheerful, wipe thine eyes."

Some falls are means the happier to arise.
When it is darkest then dawn is nigh.
My desolation does begin to make a better life.

The good are better made by ill :—
As odours crush'd are sweeter still.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene :
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

Thus Spenser lived, with mean repast
Content, depressed by penury, and pined
In foreign realm, yet not debased his verse
By fortune's frown.

Adversity teaches many to think and to reason.
The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Res est sacra miser, a person in distress is a sacred object, even tho' he be "a man most poor, made tame by fortune's blows." I must help my distressed neighbour if I can. I may some day come to like distress and may perhaps need his help.

Sweet are the uses of adversity !

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

"A friend cannot be known in prosperity : and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

"In the prosperity of a man enemies will be grieved : but in his adversity even a friend will depart."—ECCLESIASTICUS xii. 8, 9.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament : Adversity is the blessing of the New.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew himself, or his own virtue.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small." I must never say even in my heart, "I shall never be in adversity."

Advice.

NEVER give advice unasked.

Every one in distress is ready to say,

"Give me money, not advice."

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon,
and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.

He who can take advice is often superior to him who can give
it. The worst men often give the best advice.

Advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and
superiority.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not
first given good counsel to himself.

His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgments and to give advice ;
But fixed before and well resolv'd was he,
As those who ask advice are sure to be.

He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.
He that will not hear must feel.

Advice is not compulsion. My power, said
Reason, is to advise, not to compel.

Every one thinks himself able to advise another.
Nothing is so freely given as advice.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

Take help of many, counsel of few.

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less
than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.

Weigh well the opinions you receive, not for the purpose of
adopting them all, which would be impossible, but for correcting
your own views.

It is in the use of the advice given that distinguishes the wise
man from the fool.

A fool may put something into a wise man's head.

It was a saying of Cato the elder that wise men learnt more
by fools, than fools by wise men.

The adviser's authority should be unimpeachable—but few
people qualify themselves for the post of advisers.

Advice is not disliked for its own sake, but because so few people know how to give it.

The inefficacy of advice is usually the fault of the counsellor.

He who is always his own counsellor will often have a fool for his client.

Solon said, Advise not what is most agreeable, but what is best.

Be cautious in giving advice, and consider before you adopt advice.

He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of later, life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you; and who can, if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished there for want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you. The world is too much for juvenile sagacity, and he must have become grey-headed who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of nature, and the subtleties of human life, without being crushed by the one or duped by the other.

Advice is often seen

By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.

Whosoever is wise, is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken unto counsel"; whereas the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason because it is his own.

Afflictions.

"MANY are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—Ps. xxxiv. 19.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Our afflictions are but few and a thousand times deserved; our mercies are many and a thousand times forfeited.

Afflictions are God's most effectual means to keep us from losing our way to our heavenly rest. Without this hedge of thorns on the right and left we should hardly keep the way to heaven.

When God makes the world too hot for His people to hold they will let it go.

God brings us into straits that He may bring us on our knees.

Where sin sits heavy affliction sits light.

That which gives us occasion for sorrow should give us occasion for prayer.

In those disappointments which to us are very grievous God has often designs that are very gracious.

Fiery trials make golden Christians; sin hath brought many a believer into suffering, and suffering hath kept many a believer from sinning.

Afflictions are the medicines of the mind. It is not required in physic that it should please, but that it should heal.

The excellent and gracious drift of our afflictions is the bettering of our souls.

He loses the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them.

"Despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of His correction: For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth."—Prov. iii. 11, 12.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd

And is of sense forlorn:

A sadder and a wiser man

He rose the morrow morn.

All the peace and favour of the world cannot calm a troubled heart; but where the peace is which Christ gives, all the troubles and disquiet of the world cannot disturb it.

Graces multiply by afflictions as the saints did by persecutions.

What numbers guiltless of their own disease,
Are snatched by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees !

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow ;
But crush'd and trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

None have ever been so good or so great, or have raised
themselves so high, as to be above the reach of troubles. Our
Lord was a man of sorrows.

To each his sufferings : all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

Sanctified afflictions are an evidence of our adoption : we do
not prune dead trees to make them fruitful, nor those which are
planted in a desert ; but such as belong to the garden and
possess life.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of
extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary
graces.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

The diamond of piety never sparkles so brightly as when the
Christian is surrounded with the darkness of affliction.

Almighty Power, I love Thee ! Blissful name,
My healer, God ! and my inmost soul
Love and adore for ever ! Oh, 'tis good
To wait submissive at Thy holy throne,
To brave petitions at Thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries.

As the rod of God is of use to enforce the Word, so the Word
of God is of use to explain the rod, that the voice of both
together may be heard and answered.

God uses not the rod where he means to use the sword.

No affliction for the time seems joyous ; all time in affliction
seems tedious. I will compare my miseries on earth with my
joys in heaven, and the length of my miseries with its eternity ;
so shall my journey seem short and my burden easy.

Ambition.

AMBITION—the glorious frailty of the noble mind.

Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but control.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

Julius Cæsar used to say, he would rather be the first man in a country village than the second man in Rome.

Many a man besides Julius Cæsar has said: "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*—I will be first, or nowhere; I will be 'all in all, or not at all.'"

Lucan says of Julius Cæsar: "He rejoices to have made his way by ruin."

What millions died that Cæsar might be great!

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him the kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels.

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

Juvenal says: "Even those who do not wish to kill a man would gladly have the power."

Such is the spirit of ambition in the human mind, that even those who are least likely to abuse this power, wish for a control over their equals.

Themistocles was roused up with the glory of Miltiades, and the trophies of Achilles moved Alexander.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered: "The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings." Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said:

"Were I Alexander I would accept them." "So would I," replied Alexander, "were I Parmenio."

Shall we alone whom rational we call

Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons, whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.

If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,

'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

The tallest trees are most in power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

Sir W. Raleigh.

If thy heart fail thee do not climb at all.

Queen Elizabeth.

Lord Eldon, who longest held the office of Chancellor, and who most highly prized the distinction, said: "A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe as a resting-place between vexation and the grave."

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,

Their noble wishes never learned to stray;

Along the cool sequestered vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

* * * *

Ambition's like a circle on the water,

Which never ceases to enlarge itself,

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

* * * *

Beware ambition;

Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission.

* * * *

Ambition, Avarice—the two demons these,

Which goad through every slough our human herd,

Hard-travelled from the cradle to the grave,

How low the wretches stoop!

I will not seat myself higher than my place, lest I should be disgraced by a humiliation; but if I place myself lower than my seat, I may be advanced to the honour of, "Friend, go up higher." I had rather be exalted by my humility, than be brought down by my exaltation.

Anger.

"BE ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath."—EPH. iv. 26. We must be angry at nothing but sin. Anger may pass through the heart of a wise man, but rests in the bosom of fools. Shimei gave David provocation to anger, but by thinking upon God David maintained a meek and calm spirit.

St. Chrysostom says: "Art thou prone to anger? Be so against thine own sins: Chastise thy soul, scourge thy conscience, be a severe judge and merciless in thy sentence against thine own sins. This is the way to turn anger to profit. It was for this that God implanted wrath within us."

Let us, says Paley, consider the indecency of extravagant anger; how it renders us, while it lasts, the scorn and sport of all about us, of which it leaves us, when it ceases, sensible and ashamed; the inconveniences and irretrievable misconduct into which our irascibility has sometimes betrayed us; the friendships it has lost us; the distresses and embarrassments in which we have been involved by it; and the repentance which, on one account or other, it always costs us.

Anger is only sinful when it springs from selfishness and malevolence, when causeless or above the cause, and when expressed by unhallowed words or acts.

Anger, though natural to man, becomes like every other passion hurtful and sinful when not restrained within the bounds of strict moderation. It is far from being a selfish passion, since it is naturally raised by injuries offered to others as well as to ourselves.

Anger is a desire of revenge for some injury offered.

The use of anger is to stir us up to self-preservation, and to put us upon our guard against injuries. When it has done this it has done all that belongs to it.

Wise anger is like fire from a flint; there is great ado to bring it out; and when it does come it is out again immediately.

Has a man said anything to me in anger, I had better look into it—his reproach may be true, and I may richly deserve it.

Seneca says: "If anger is not restrained it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it."

Confucius, the Chinese heathen philosopher, gives this advice: When anger rises, think of the consequences.

Plato said to his servant one day : " I would beat you but that I am angry."

Julius Cæsar having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey burnt them without reading. " For," said he, " though I am on my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause."

Periander of Corinth says, " Be master of thy anger."

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just.

Angry men have good memories.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

There's not in nature
A thing that makes a man so deformed
As doth intemperate anger.

Do nothing in a fury—it is like putting out to sea in a storm. Though anger be very troublesome to others, yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.

Those passionate persons who carry their heart in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared ; their threatenings serve no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.

Angry men are often in trouble.

" Grievous words stir up anger."—PROV. xv. 1.

" The discretion of a man deferreth his anger."—PROV. xix. 11.

" He that is slow to anger appeaseth strife."—PROV. xv. 18.

" He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."—PROV. xvi. 32.

" An angry man stirreth up strife."—PROV. xxix. 22.

If we do not subdue our anger it will subdue us.

When Catherine de Medicis one day overheard some of the soldiers abusing her extremely, the Cardinal of Lorraine said he would immediately order them to be hanged. " By no means," exclaimed the princess ; " I wish posterity to know that a woman, a queen, and an Italian, has once in her life got the better of her anger."

I must never do anything that can denote an angry mind. I must never allow my anger to be discovered. I must check and restrain it, and never make any determination until I find it is entirely subdued.

Avarice.

I **MUST** take care that it is never said of me: "He's like

"Some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er.
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still."

Let me remember—

He only who forgets to hoard, has learned to live.
Prodigality is the fault of youth—avarice of old age.
Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.
Avarice lives by the counsels of poverty.

The base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

The miser ever fears he shall be poor.

Now 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
And die with bags and coffers running o'er.

This is the advice of the avaricious:—

Add, keep adding, little to little, and you will soon have a great hoard.

Man's boundless avarice exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

Many an avaricious man thus boasts:—

I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift.

* * * *

Let them hiss on (he cries),
While, in my own opinion fully blest,
I count my money, and enjoy my chest.—*Horace.*

The insatiable craving after money should be carefully shunned, as nothing so strongly indicates a contracted, base, and grovelling mind as the idolizing of wealth.—*Cicero.*

Avarice is a sin not greatly condemned by the world like sins of theft and murder. It brings little or no disgrace, and no loss of position.

Avarice is one of the vices of old age.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

Alas ! it is too true of many a man :—

His wealth was want ;
His plenty made him poor ;
He had enough, but wished ever more.

Lord Bacon says : “ Money like manure does no good till it is spread.”

Marcus Sicinius Crassus, surnamed The Rich, one of the first Roman Triumvirate, tried to make himself master of Parthia, but being defeated, and brought captive to Orodes, King of Parthia, he was put to death by having molten gold poured down his throat. “ Sate thy greed with this ! ” said Orodes.

Poverty, says Pliny the younger—died A.D. 113—is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

Avarice is seldom found in little children, as if it were a sin peculiarly against nature.

Seneca, the tutor of Nero, and who killed himself by Nero's order—A.D. 65—says : “ We are at best but stewards of what we falsely call our own, yet avarice is so insatiable that it is not in the power of liberality to content it. . . Study rather to fill your mind than your coffers.”

Avarice is like death and the grave, always carrying off the spoils of the world, and never making restitution.

Would'st thou both eat thy cake and have it ?

Avarice is not so much a vice as an incurable piece of madness. The arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion will have little effect upon the avaricious man ; he is born and framed to a sordid love of money, which first appears when he is very young, grows up with him, and increases in middle age, and when he is old, and all his passions have subsided, wholly engrosses him. The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice.

“ There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.”
—Prov. xi. 24.

It much more deserves and demands my care, what estate I shall go to in the other world when I die, than what estate I shall then leave behind me in this world.

O cursèd thirst of gold : when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

Beauty.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases.

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Domitian said that nothing was more pleasing; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, that it was a favour bestowed by the gods.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire, of beauty.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? a world without a sun.

Beauty has ever been the delight and torment of the world.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty?—that it was a question none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.

These are but flowers

That have their dated hours,

To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.

'Tis the stainless soul within

That outshines the fairest skin.

That is not the most perfect beauty which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty, which has not only a substance, but a spirit,—a beauty that we must intimately know justly to appreciate,—a beauty lighted up in conversation, where

the mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the poet, the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought.

She looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.

How goodness heightens beauty !
Beauty lives with kindness.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.
. . . Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

'Tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.

We were charm'd,
Not awe-struck ; for the beautiful was there triumphant.

Beauty is spread abroad, through earth, and sea, and sky, and dwells on the face and form, and in the heart of man.

Grant that beauty were by gems increased,
'Tis rendered more suspected at the least.

What tender force, what dignity divine,
What virtue consecrating every feature :
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl !

I have come to the conclusion, if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes ; by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face ; and true proportions the beauty of architecture ; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

"God hath made everything beautiful in his time."

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

"He will beautify the meek with salvation."

Benevolence.

THE distinguishing feature of Christianity is benevolence.

Benevolence is not merely a feeling but a principle ; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.

All other joys grow less
In the great joy of doing kindnesses.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent who wins our affections.

John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross" in Herefordshire, was distinguished for his benevolence. Richer than miser, nobler than king.

We are sure that Howard the Philanthropist was one of the happiest of men. His love for man led him

To quit the bliss his rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amid scenes of woe.

It was said of Isaac Walton :
Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows, except himself.

I must not be known as a
Vox et præterea nihil—a voice and nothing more, else it may be truly said of me :

Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not his trade.

It should be rather said of me—He is
Firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue.

I must strive to be always doing good rather than to be conspicuous.

* * * *
I prefer not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best.

* * * *
Talkers are no great doers ; be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.
Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.

Give and spend and God will send.

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence ; here the enjoyment grows on reflection.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Martial says : "The wealth which you give away will ever be your own."

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

Let it be said of me :

For his bounty
There was no winter in't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

A good heart's worth gold.

The truly generous is the truly wise :
And he who loves not others lives unblest.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

The kindness which is shown on the good is never lost.

That best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent ; for there is not any man, either so great or so little, who is not capable of giving and of receiving benefits.
—*Seneca.*

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.

Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself—the conscience of well-doing is ample reward.

The dews come down unseen at eventide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

A Christian should be, and is, humble to his God, loyal to his king, kind to his relations, benevolent to all.

Bible.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries :
 Happiest they of human race,
 To whom their God has given grace
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way ;
 But better had they ne'er been born,
 Who read to doubt or read to scorn.—*Sir W. Scott.*

The Bible has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter :—it is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.—*Locke.*

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun :
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.—*Cowper.*

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion ; no orations equal to those of the Prophets ; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton.*

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel.*

I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.—*Sir W. Jones.*

All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of *moral duty*, and so *rational* an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament.—*Beattie.*

Herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen, in wreathing together plain truths with obscure, that He might gain the more credit to His Word, by the one instructing the ignorance of the weakest ; by the other puzzling and confounding the understanding of the wisest. This also adds a beauty and ornament to the Scripture.

The Word is a telescope to discover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of the highest concernment to the souls of men; and it is such a microscope as discovers to us the smallest atom of our thoughts, and discerns the most secret intent of the heart.—*Bp. Stillingfleet.*

We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

The longer we read the Bible the more we shall like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter.

With what a mixture of fear, reverence, and holy joy, should we open the Bible—the book of truth and happiness! God's heart opened to man! and yet the whole and every part of it secreted from him, and laid over with an impenetrable veil, till he opens his heart to God.

As the word of God, well studied, will help us to understand His providences; so the providence of God, well observed, will help us to understand His word, for God is every day fulfilling the Scripture.—*Henry.*

If we would preserve the conscience quick and sensible we must be daily conversant in the Book of God. For His Book commands with authority, instructs with that clearness, persuades with that force, reproves with that purity, prudence and charity, that we shall not easily be able to resist it: it describes righteousness and sin in such true and lively colours, proclaims rewards and punishments in such powerful and moving language, that it rouses even the dead in sin; penetrates and wounds the stupid and obdurate.

This Book, this holy Book, on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp from off the everlasting throne
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.—*Pollock.*

Birth.

THE origin of all mankind was the same: it is only a clear and good conscience that makes a man noble. For a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only when he dies, to furnish an epitaph, is below a wise man's business.

Ovid says: "Birth, ancestry, and all other things, which we ourselves have not acquired, can scarcely be called our own."

Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my shame.

Juvenal asks: "Of what advantage is it to you to quote your remote ancestors, and to exhibit their portraits?"

Where's the advantage—where the real good
In tracing from the source our ancient blood;
To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
Preserved as relics, or as monsters shown?

Some men, by ancestry, are only the shadow of a mighty name.

An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversable.

It is with antiquity as it is with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first quality to me.

Those who have nothing else to recommend them to the respect of others, but only their blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and vapour, and you are sure to hear of their families and relations every third word. By this mark they commonly distinguish themselves. You may depend upon it there is no good bottom, nothing of true worth of their own, when they insist on so much and set their credit upon that of others.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors, brave youth!
They're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equall'd have their names
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,

For they are strong supporters ; but tell them,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, can safely boast that the only good belonging to him is under the ground.

'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry,
To build their glories at their fathers' cost ;
But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
To raise them living monuments ; our birth
Is not our own act ; honour upon trust,
Our ill-deeds forfeit ; and the wealthy sums,
Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.

“ Who but unhappy descendants will praise their progenitors ? ”
says the Greek proverb.

Family pride entertains many unsocial opinions.

Pride in boasting of family antiquity makes duration stand
for merit.

Were honour to be scanned by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue ;
But that be their own praise,
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with the real, and becomes real too.

In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;
But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody,
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien
Claiming respect, yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.

Body.

"I AM fearfully and wonderfully made."—Ps. cxxxix. 14.

"The body is not one member, but many."—1 COR. xii. 14.

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—1 COR. ix. 27.

For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

It is shameful for man to rest in ignorance of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare and directs his application of his own affairs.

How weak a man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die.
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire;
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.

Let our make and place as men remind us of our duty as Christians, which is, always to keep heaven in our eye and the earth under our feet.

Os sublime (Ovid), the sublime countenance—the human form divine.

Fair on the face (God) wrote the index of the mind. All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.

Read o'er the volume of his lovely face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And what obscure in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions through:
Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder that
They hold no intelligence.

The eye

Takes in at once the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet which a grain might close,
And half creates the wondrous world we see.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us.

"The light of the body is the eye."

What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory.

Our eyes when gazing on sinful objects are out of their calling and God's keeping.

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."—JAMES i. 26.

"The tongue can no man tame," but it can be tamed and controlled by God. His grace can effectually subdue and sanctify this unruly member.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

Give your tongue more holidays than your hands or your eyes. It is better for one's foot to make a slip than one's tongue.

The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by His Wisdom. Its shape is roughly triangular, the base being directed upwards while the apex points downwards, forward and to the left side. It lies between the two lungs. The average weight in man is between nine and ten ounces; in woman between eight and nine ounces.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round,
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves beground.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"—JER. xvii. 9.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

A man's own heart must ever be given to gain that of another. To man only, God has given a hand—an instrument applicable to every art and occasion both of peace and war. Every effort of the will is answered so instantly as if the hand itself were the seat of that will.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."—PROV. x. 4.

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with her vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up with the brightness of the eyes. . . In short she has designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works.

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Books.

"OF making many books there is no end."—ECCL. xii. 12.

"Behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book."—JOB xxxi. 35.

"Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!"—JOB xix. 23.

A great book is a great evil.

Cave ab homine unius libri—Beware of the man of one book.

A few books well chosen are of more use than a great library.

This books can do ; nor this alone, they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live ;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise.

Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, idleness, or affliction.

Come and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.

I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most.

Thou mayst as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading Too much over-charges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigour to the mind.

We can see and hear comparatively little ; we must avail ourselves therefore of the eyes and ears of others ; and this is to be done through the medium of books. There the learned and the wise have recorded the results of their observations for our benefit. Those who have but little time should be careful in the selection of what they read.

The most accomplished way of using books at present, says Swift, is to *serve them* as some do lords ; learn their titles, and then *brag* of their acquaintance.

Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read nature. Æschylus and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Bacon expound some of the mysteries of man and the universe, and teach us to understand and feel what we see.

In grave Quintilian's works we find
The justest rules and clearest method joined.

How easily, how secretly, how safely do books expose our ignorance without putting us to shame! These are the masters that instruct us without rods, without hard words and anger—and without money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds. In the best books great men talk to us and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under the roof of my obscure dwelling; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and other great men to enrich me with practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.

Finis! an error or a lie, my friend;
In writing foolish books—there is no end!

Care.

I'M sure care's an enemy to life.

Cyrus, King of Persia—died B.C. 529—was wont to say that if men did but know the infinite cares he sustained under an Imperial crown he thought no man would so much as stoop to take it up.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie.

It has long since been observed by Horace that no ship could leave care behind.

Distracting thoughts swarm in the heart like the flies of Egypt.

But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.

Care is no cure but rather corrosive
For things that are not to be remedied.

Corroding care and thirst of more
Attends the still increasing store.

Seneca says : " Dreadful is that mind which is deeply concerned for the future."

Care when it once is entered in the breast
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

Quick is the succession of human events ; the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow ; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles : " Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."

Incessant fears the anxious mind molest.
In care they live and must for many care ;
And such the best and greatest ever are.

Watching for riches consumeth the flesh, and the care thereof driveth away sleep. Watching care will not let a man slumber.

Man is a child of sorrow, and this world,
 In which we breathe, has cares enough to plague us ;
 And he who meditates on other's woe
 Shall in that meditation lose his own.

Carefulness bringeth age before the time.

Why run to meet what you would most avoid ?

If every man's internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would our pity share
 Who raise our envy now !
 The fatal secret when revealed
 Of every aching breast,
 Would prove that, only while concealed,
 Their lot appeared the best.

Do thy part with industry, and leave the event with God. I have seen matters fall out so unexpectedly that they have taught me in all affairs neither to despair nor to presume ; not to despair, for God can help me, nor to presume, for God can cross me. I will therefore never despair, because God is able to supply all my need ; I will never presume, because I am unworthy of the least of all His mercies.

It is our work to cast our care ; it is God's work to take care. Let us not take His work out of His hands.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." This is the advice of David, God's chosen king of Israel. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." This is the counsel of St. Peter, one of Christ's Apostles, and both of them wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

"Be careful (over-anxious) for nothing. I would have you without carefulness. God shall supply all your need," wrote St. Paul, Christ's chosen Apostle to the Gentiles.

I will then cast my care, my burden, upon God. Worlds are no load to Him.

God is Omniscient, and knows my needs ; Omnipotent, and able to supply them ; and He is faithful—He will fulfil His promises. He will not fail me, He will not forsake me.

King George III. said to Lord North as he lifted up the purse containing the great seal of England, and put it into his hands : "Here, my Lord, take it ; you will find it heavy." The King proved to be a prophet, for shortly before Lord North's death he declared that since he had the seal he had not enjoyed an easy or contented minute.

Character.

TALENTS are nurtured best in solitude,
But character on life's tempestuous sea.

Reputation is often got without merit and lost without deserving.

Christian character is not a sudden creation, but a development. It grows and bears fruit like a tree, and like a tree it requires patient care and unwearied cultivation.

Let it never be said of me :

"The greatest favours can neither soften nor win upon him, neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard and as rugged as ever."

There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character.

Establish your character on the respect of the wise, not on the flattery of dependents.

Never allow small failings to dwell on your attention so much as to deface the whole of an amiable character.

The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe that they have in common with a great person any one fault.

The ill-natured man gives utterance to reflections which a good-natured man stifles.

It is a common error, of which a wise man will beware, to measure the worth of our neighbours by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of were it not for our pride!

He who when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.

Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man; it is action. We may, by a fine education, learn to think most correctly and talk most beautifully; but when it comes to action, if we are weak and undecided, we are of all beings the most wretched. All mankind feel them-

selves weak, beset with infirmities, and surrounded with dangers; the acutest minds are the most conscious of difficulties and dangers. They want, above all things, a leader with that boldness, decision, and energy which will fill them with shame they do not find in themselves. He then who would command among his fellows must excel them in energy of will than in power of intellect.

Character—the purchase of the lever of influence. No man's character can be eventually injured but by himself.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

The best rules to form a young man are—to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

You may depend upon it that he is a good young man whose intimate friends are all good.

In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.

When upon a trial a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say that they never heard and do not know anything ill of him, it intimates at best a neutral and insignificant character.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.

Get and preserve a good name, if it were but for the public service; for one of a deserved reputation hath oftentimes an opportunity to do that good which another cannot that wants it. And he may practise it with more security and success.

Character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs.

“Out of the heart are the issues of life.”

Charity.

"HAVE fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."—1 PET. iv. 8.

Those who love one another easily forgive each other's offences. If we truly loved others as we do ourselves, love would kill and cover their faults also, and render us less keen in noticing and animadverting on them, and more disposed to forbearance and long-suffering.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

The sweet charities of life, sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper and mutual forbearance we practise to each other, arise the kindness and good-will which are the charms of social life.

Do not judge others, but let love rule all your thoughts, words, and actions.

He who is most charitable in his judgment is generally the least unjust.

I had rather see my own faults than other people's.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

I must not be slow to cast the mantle of charity over the failings of my Christian brother.

Those persons we can say no good of, we had better say nothing of.

O ponder well! be not severe!

Goethe said: "It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself."

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman.

This must be my rule:

Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

Lord Byron wrote: "I date my first impressions against religion, from having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by true Christian charity."

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it. Every man has his faults, therefore I have mine.

Along with Shakespeare's intense humour and his equally intense piercing insight into the darkest, deepest depths of human nature, there is still a spirit of universal kindness pervading his works.

The principal and distinguishing excellence of Virgil is tenderness; and this he possesses beyond all poets.

Whenever any of God's saints in the Old Testament are mentioned in the New they are always spoken of with honour, and their faults and failings are not alluded to. On the contrary, the ungodly are never spoken of but with some blot—"Cain, who was of that wicked one;" Ishmael "persecuted him that was born after the Spirit;" Balaam "loved the wages of unrighteousness."

"The end of the commandment is 'charity'—by this chiefly are we known to be the disciples of Christ. The deficiency of brotherly kindness and true Christian love, more perhaps than all other "things that are wanting," hinders the spread of the Gospel and the good fruits of Christianity. Little need we wonder that the Apostle who continually, and the more he advanced in age, exhorted Christians to "love one another," was the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

We are sure to judge wrong if we do not feel right.

Cynics and sycophants are equally despicable.

The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save.

To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, requires neither labour nor courage.

It is the bent of the basest and most worthless spirits to be busy in the search and discovery of others' failings, passing by all that is commendable and imitable. But the more excellent mind of a real Christian loves not unnecessarily to touch—no, nor to look upon them—but rather turns away. Such never uncover their brother's sores but to cure them, and no more than is necessary for that end. They would willingly have them hid, that neither they nor others might see them.

Let it never be said of me, "There is no bearing his uncharitableness."

Cheerfulness.

CHEERFULNESS is health ; melancholy disease.
The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.
Always, if possible, take a cheerful view of things.

Make sunshine in a shady place.

We love to meet a friend who is cheerful.

The grave a gay companion shun,
Far from the sad the jovial run.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clearer, gives tone to thought,
and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

A loving, cheerful temper,
A gentle, smiling face,
Will cast a ray of brightness
Within the darkest place.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand a year.

Bishop Hall quaintly remarks : " For every bad there might be a worse ; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck."

Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved.

Gentle, yet not dull.

Cheerfulness banishes all anxious cares and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.

" The mind," says Horace, " that is cheerful in its present state, will be averse to all solicitude as to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile."

Old age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun ; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age.

A cheerful countenance is permanently so—it marks the contentment of the heart.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world ; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile.

“Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness,” says Bishop Hall, “that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral because he had had the management of it.”

Be cheerful, no matter what reverse obstruct your pathway, or what plagues follow in your trail to annoy you. Ask yourself what is to be gained by looking or feeling sad when troubles throng around you, or how your condition is to be alleviated by abandoning yourself to despondency. Be not a travelling monument of despair and melancholy.

An habitually cheerful temper is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good.

He was always at leisure
 For every one who came ;
 However tired or weary,
 They found him just the same.
 He did things so kindly ;
 It was his heart's delight
 To make poor people happy,
 From morning until night.

Be cheerful and comfort yourself with the God of all comfort, Who is not willing to behold any sorrow, but for sin.

God intends your soul to be a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be made in a cheerful spirit.

Try for a single day to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, and your life strengthened—you will wonder at your own improvement.

A rational repast ;
 Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 A military discipline of thought,
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
 And ever-waking ardour for the right—
 'Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.

Children.

“CHILDREN are an heritage of the Lord.”—Ps. cxxvii. 3.

“Train up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”—PROV. xxii. 6.

“What gift has Providence bestowed on man,” asks Cicero, “that is so dear to him as his children ?”

Children are what the mothers are.
 No fondest father's fondest care
 Can fashion so the infant heart
 As those creative beams that dart,
 With all their hopes and fears, upon
 The cradle of a sleeping son.
 His startled eyes with wonder see
 A father near him on his knee,
 Who wishes all the while to trace
 The mother in his future face ;
 But 'tis to her alone uprise
 His wakening arms ; to her those eyes
 Open with joy and not surprise.
 Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

The childhood shows the man
 As morning shows the day.

* * *

The child is father of the man.

* * *

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
 The sports of children satisfy the child.

* * *

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !

* * *

It is a curious fact that children are the best judges of character at first sight in the world.

There is an old Scotch proverb : “ They are never cannie, that dogs and bairns dinna like ; ” and there is not one more true.

Happy those early days when I
 Shined in mine angel infancy !
 Oh, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track,
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinfu' sound.

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter ; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—PROV. i. 8.

The child's commandment—the fifth.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and is set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us.

For one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children.

Children should not be flattered, but they should be encouraged. They should not be so praised as to make them vain and proud, but they should be commended when they do well.

If the mind be curbed and humbled too much in children, if their spirits be abased and broken much by too strict a hand over them, they lose all their vigour and industry.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you ; watch over them constantly ; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. "Be not bitter against them." Let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned more in sorrow than in anger.

Children generally hate to be idle ; all the care then is, that their busy humour should be constantly employed in something of use to them.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

Bishop Hall says : "I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham ; and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make rich men poor' ; but he straight received this answer : 'Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich ; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth.'"

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Christian.

“YE belong to Christ.”—MARK ix. 41.

“The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.”—ACTS xi. 26.

“If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.”—1 PETER iv. 16.

Lord Bacon's famous character of a believing Christian, drawn out in paradoxes and seeming contradictions: “He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches; he believes himself to be a king, how mean soever he be; and how great soever he be, yet he thinks himself not too good to be servant to the poorest saint.”

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

He who finds his happiness in increasing the happiness of his fellow-creatures is a benevolent man; he who finds it in increasing his holiness is a Christian.

If my religion has done nothing for my temper, it has done nothing for my soul. If my religion costs me nothing, it is worth nothing.

I must not take my Christianity from Christians, but from Christ. My religion must be the whole armour of God, not the cloak of hypocrisy.

I must not be an honorary member of the Church—an attendant, but not a worshipper; a hearer, but not a doer; a communicant, but not a Christian. It is easier to assume the form of godliness than to submit to the power of it.

The religion of Christ is health to the mind, and sunshine to the soul.

A true Christian desires three things: that he may be found in Christ; that he may be like Christ; and that he may be with Christ.

It is more to the honour of a Christian by faith to overcome the world, than by a monastical vow to retreat from it; and more for the honour of Christ to serve Him in a city, than to serve Him in a cell.

Observed religious duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our spiritual life.

Christians should do more than others, because they profess more than others. Some nominal Christians say much, but do

nothing; but spiritual Christians should do much and say nothing.

They that carry not the yoke of Christ upon their necks will never carry the cross of Christ upon their backs.

Believing Christians belong to Christ — they have been redeemed by His blood, they are clothed in His righteousness, and are sanctified by His Spirit, and are made meet for His kingdom.

It is not a little that will serve; for many precious ingredients go to the making of a true Christian; and much of each ingredient goes to the making of a strong Christian. There must be profession, faith, obedience, self-denial, patience, humility, outward preparation and inward graces, outward embellishments and inward ornaments: and a little of it is but of little worth.

The Christian must strive to root up all the relics of sin, that it may appear that the Spirit of Christ is in him, and that Christ Himself dwells in his heart by faith.

The Christian must walk worthy of his vocation humbly with God, in newness of life, yea, even as Christ walked, in holiness and righteousness all the days of his pilgrimage on earth.

A true Christian is the highest style of man. A true Christian is religious, but not superstitious. He may be condemned by the world, but will not be condemned with the world. Sin may live in him, but will not reign in him—it may lose its dominion, though not leave its habitation.

God will keep every believing Christian from temptations by His preventing mercy, or in temptations by His supporting mercy, or find a way of escape by His delivering mercy.

A Christian shall be here as long as he hath any work to do for Christ, or as long as Christ hath any work to accomplish in him: Christ will fit him for Himself, and then take him to Himself.

He only is a Christian who is born of the Spirit, and being made a partaker of the Divine nature, is led by the Spirit, and walks in the Spirit.

Church.

CHRIST in the midst of His Church, His presence, and His power,—these have turned many a rude upper chamber, or darksome crypt, or narrow catacomb, into the very gate of heaven.—*Abp. Trench.*

That churches were consecrated unto none but the Lord only, the very general name chiefly doth sufficiently point out; church doth signify none other than the Lord's house.—*Hooker.*

One place there is—beneath the burial sod,
Where all mankind are equalized by death :
Another place there is—the fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath.

Voltaire, the atheist, built a church at Ferney, and had this inscription affixed to it,—*Deo erexit Voltaire.* Perhaps Cowper had Voltaire in view when he wrote :

Nor his who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd His Word to scorn.

My convictions of the benefit of a Church Establishment arises from this : “That thus, and thus only, can we ensure the dispersion of a number of well-educated men over the whole kingdom, whose sole business is to do good of the highest kind ; to enforce in their public teaching the purest principles and practice that mankind have ever yet been made acquainted with, and to exhibit these in their own persons in all their daily intercourses with their neighbours, instructing the young, visiting the sick, relieving, advising, and maintaining the cause of the poor, and spreading among all ranks the wholesome influence of a good life, a cultivated understanding, and the feelings and manners of a true gentleman.”—*Dr. Arnold.*

The union of Church and State is not to make the Church political, but the State religious.—*Eldon.*

The best decorations of the chancel are the Belief, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer.

Neither the word “Altar” nor “Communion Table” can be found in the Prayer Book—the expressions uniformly used being “the Lord's Table,” “the holy Table,” or “the Table.”

How beautiful they stand,
Those old grey churches of our native land !

* * * *

How soft the cadence of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on,
 With easy force it opens all the cells,
 Where memory slept.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
 Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
 Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
 Tidings of good to Zion.

* * * *

The music nighest bordering upon heaven.

* * * *

Here when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
 Still by the power of His great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

The Church is what Holy Scripture declares it to be—a regulated society, an organized body; preserving through successive ages its identity of essence, and unity of spirit; receiving from time to time a continual addition of members, deriving growth, and strength, and gradual advancement towards that complete maturity, when it shall attain unto “the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”—*Bishop Jebb.*

The faith of the Church is in the Scriptures.—*Wicliffe.*

The Church of England has given the people the Bible in their own tongue, and the most sober yet fervent manual of Common Prayer possessed by any nation in Christendom.—*Bishop Fraser.*

The greatest of all societies among men at this moment is the Church of Jesus Christ.

It is one and the same Church under the Old Testament and under the New.

The Church has one faith, one Lord, one baptism.

From the Church of our Fathers we'll never depart;
 She's entwin'd round each fibre, each nerve of our heart !
 The Church of our Fathers ! Our glory and crown,
 We will, unimpaired, to our children hand down.

Hemans.

Clergyman.

By a clergyman I mean one in Holy Orders.—*Steele*.

Our commission, says Archdeacon Law, is not of man; the ceremonial of the Church accredits, but the anointing of the Spirit designates.

Give me the Priest whose graces shall possess—
Of an Ambassador the just address;
A Father's tenderness, a Shepherd's care;
A Leader's courage which the cross can bear;
A Ruler's awe; a Watchman's wakeful eye;
A Pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A Fisher's patience, and a Labourer's toil;
A Guide's dexterity to disembroil.
A Prophet's inspiration from above;
A Teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.—*Bp. Ken.*

That which makes the clergy glorious is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, and laborious in their duties.

Every godly minister is God's particular care.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

The life of a minister is visible rhetoric.—*Hooker*.

No clergyman should so live that it might with truth be said to him

"Thou art reverend

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life."

Can it be said of every clergyman:

This priest has no pride in him!

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living servant of the truths he taught.—*Dryden*.

The world looks at ministers out of the pulpit to know what they mean when in it.—*R. Cecil*.

He was a shepherd and no mercenary,
And tho' he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.

To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
 And good example, was his business.
 But if that any one were obstinate,
 Whether he were of high or low estate,
 Him would he sharply check with alter'd mien ;
 A better parson there was nowhere seen.
 He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
 Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense ;
 But Jesus' love, which owns no pride or pelf,
 He taught—but first he followed it himself.—*Chaucer.*

This should be the motto of every clergyman : "Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed."—
 2 Cor. vi. 3.

I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
 Might feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture ! Is it like ?—*Cowper.*

Is it still true that

'Tis the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection ?
 Stand up cheerily—speak up manfully—leave off speedily.

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place !
 Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
 By doctrine fashioned to the varying hour ;
 For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 In . . . duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;

* * * *

Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.

Labour in the word and doctrine. Be the minister at all times.

Conscience.

CONSCIENCE is God's vice-gerent in the soul; the oracle of God; the pulse of reason; the sense of right; *index, vindex, judex.*

Conscience comes from *con*, with, and *scio*, I know—is not merely that which I know *with some* other—that other knower is *God*.

A good conscience possesses freedom from the guilt of sin, and peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ; it is at first purged and perpetually kept pure by the flowing of the stream of that fountain which was opened for sin and for uncleanness.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant serenity within us, and more than counteracts all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

If I take care to keep a good conscience I may leave it to God to take care of my good name. I must take care that God is with me in every purpose and action of my life. If I keep my conscience pure God will be my continual defence.

Conscience can only be a safe guide when enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and directed by the Holy Scriptures.

He that will not hearken to the warnings of conscience must feel the woundings of conscience.

No man has ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

Conscience is never dilatory in her warnings.

Oh! conscience, conscience, man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigour and takes up too much of his attention.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Those only who are truly wise, and none but those, who are universally conscientious.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in steel),
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The consciousness of innocence forms our best security.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin :
 He's arm'd without who's innocent within :
 Be this thy screen and this thy wall of brass.

When we act against our conscience we become the destroyers
 of our own peace.

Many a lash in the dark doth conscience give the wicked.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth
 keeping.

God hath a witness to His truth in every man's bosom.

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Conscience is larger than our enemies ;
 Knows more accusers with more nicety.

* * * *

For a large conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same as none.

Conscience is a bosom friend or bosom fury.

Be mine that silent calm repast,
 A conscience cheerful to the last :
 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
 Without a canker at the root ;
 That friend which never fails the just
 When other friends desert their trust.

I must, like St. Paul, "exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." I must take care that it be not "defiled" (TITUS i. 15) ; not "seared" (1 TIM. iv. 2) ; but that it be "good" (1 TIM. i. 19) ; "pure" (1 TIM. iii. 9) ; sprinkled with the blood of Jesus Christ (HEB. ix. 14 and x. 22). Then I may be able to say :

I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience.

Consistency.

WITHOUT consistency there is no moral strength.

Either be what thou seemest, or else be what thou art.

The world should see what master we serve. One ill act of a good man may be of more pernicious consequence to others than twenty of a wicked man.

A true Christian may fall into sin, but he will not lie down in it.

He who prays as he ought will endeavour to live as he prays.

I must take care that it is never said of me : "He is a good man, perhaps, but he is a very hard man."

An atheist being asked by a Christian professor, "How can you quiet your conscience in so desperate a state?" replied, "Just as you do yours. Did I believe what you profess I should think no diligence, no care, no zeal enough."

What should the children of light have to do with the works of darkness? Should Christians walk according to the flesh who are by Christ their Redeemer regenerate, and born anew according to the Spirit? Alexander ordered that the Grecians and the barbarians should be no longer distinguished by garments; but let Grecians, said he, be known by their virtues and barbarians by their vices. Christians should be known by Christian behaviour.

We must not put asunder what God hath joined together—good learning and good living, faith and works.

We must, to be consistent, take God's promises for time as well as for eternity. If then we believe God's declarations, is it not most manifest that the illiberal man impoverishes himself and deprives himself of innumerable blessings? He pays dearly for his savings.

Juvenal wrote : "You should live virtuously for many reasons, but particularly on this account, that you may be able to despise the tongues of your domestics. The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant."

It was the boast of Cicero that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed to the Republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others give to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures.

Why did Plato severely condemn Homer (for borrowing) and yet imitate him?

Plato, called by Clement of Alexandria the Moses of Athens, by Arnobius the philosopher of the Christians, by Cicero the god of philosophers, has been accused of envy, lying, avarice, and robbery.

Horace gives this advice to the tragic poet: "Let the characters you delineate be consistent and uniform throughout."

O si sic omnia! O that all his actions had been equally consistent!

Should I like to hear any one say of me, "He is a kind-hearted Christian man—but on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle?" No, verily, for that means he is a hard-hearted hypocrite. (A grove is in Latin called *lucus*, a place resplendent with light, and is derived from *lucere*, to shine, because the rays of the sun are supposed rarely to penetrate through its foliage. *Lucus a non lucendo*—a grove, a place resplendent with light, from not shining.) Christians, children of the light, should walk as children of the light, and not as children of darkness.

"Is such a man a Christian"? was asked of Whitefield. "How should I know? I never lived with him," was the impressive answer.

Heraclitus says that an ass would prefer hay to gold, the reason being that he is an ass.

Consistency, like the principle of gravitation which regulates the motion of the planetary system, is that ingredient in human character which harmonizes every quality of the mind, and preserves in unison principles and feelings which, however excellent and lovely in themselves, from having no point of contact, would render the mind of their possessor a chaos, and exert an irregular and contradictory influence on his habits of action. The want of consistency has caused more secret uneasiness and more relative discord than almost any other failing connected with a man's character.

Constancy.

CONSTANCY is such a stability and firmness of friendship as overlooks and passes by lesser failures of kindness, and yet still retains the same habitual goodwill to a friend.

Were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults.

The sea ebbs and flows, but the rock remains unmoved,
The steadfast star—the pole star.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

I must confess there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.

Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.

Clocks will go as they are set ; but man,
Irregular man's never constant, never certain.

Favourites are like sun-dials, no one looks on them if they are in the shade.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.

* * * *

Still cheerful, ever constant to his call,
By many follow'd, lov'd by most, admir'd by all.

* * * *

Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turn'd aside is sunshine still.

An inconstant man is despicable ; a faithless man is base.

Variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made.
With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.
I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad companion of this faithful breast,
While life and thought remain.

It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great standard of perfection has in Him no shadow of change, but is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The most humourous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct. The description of a parallel character is wonderfully well finished by Dryden :

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong :
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

As a Christian I must so live that my neighbours may with truth speak of me as

A man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can bind.

It might have been said of Simon Symonds, the Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, near Maidenhead :

Sure such a various creature ne'er was known !
Who remained constant to nothing but his benefice.

Constancy prevents from changing, and furnishes the mind with resources against weariness or disgust of the same object ; it preserves and supports an attachment under every change of circumstances. Constancy among lovers and friends is the favourite theme of poets ; the world has, however, afforded but few originals from which they could copy their pictures : they have mostly described what is desirable rather than what is real.

An inconstant person likes nothing long. Inconstancy arises from a selfish and unfeeling temper.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

Christ says to all believing Christians, "Continue ye in my love." The Holy Spirit says (PHILIP. iv. 1), "Stand fast in the Lord."

E

Contentment.

CONTENTMENT is a gracious disposition of mind, whereby the Christian rests satisfied with that portion of the good things of this life which the wisdom of God assigns him, without complaining of the *little* which God gives to him, or envying the *much* which God bestows on others.

God, Who commands us to believe on His Son, commands us also to be content with such things as we have—with things as they are—"for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (HEB. xiii. 5). My heavenly Father knows what things I have need of, and He is able to supply all my need. I must bless God my Father for what I have, and trust Him for what I want. I must be content with my present position in life—not repining if it is low, nor seeking my own glory if it be high. But though I must not take distracting, distrusting thought for the morrow, yet I must be diligent in my work; whatsoever my hand findeth to do, I must do it with my might.

Many men of the world :

Scorn delights and live laborious days,

and I must not be slothful in the work God has given me to do.

I am contented when I wish for no more, for the contented man has always enough.

"A contented mind," says Addison, "is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in the present world."

A contented man enjoys what he has, and can never be miserable. To the poor man contentment is a continual feast. Let me then be contented in my poverty, for this is not the time for the manifestation of the sons of God.

Poor Christians may be rich Christians—poor in gold, but rich in faith—having nothing, and yet possessing all things. Contented godliness is great gain.

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough.

Without content we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

Content is the poor man's riches, and discontent the rich man's poverty.

Much would have more, but never has enough.

I must daily ask of God content and strength of mind. In this life my happiness depends upon my contentment; not in

having my barns filled, but in having my mind quiet. If my heart be discontented, how can it be thankful? I must look cheerfully on the bright side of things, not on the dark. Though I have nothing here that will give me true content, yet I must learn to be truly contented with what I have. Who is content is happy.

But with my little I have great content.
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich.

Contentment sweetens every condition of life.

* * * *

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Every contented person may truly say :

My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Not to be seen. My crown is called, Content.

* * * *

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Socrates thus wrote : "He who wants the least, bears the closest resemblance to the gods."

Am I poor? Let it with truth be said of me :

He is a wise good man, contented to be poor.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms.

Horace thus wrote : "May what I now have continue to be mine, or even less, should Heaven deem it good for me; and may I live for my own benefit and improvement so long as the gods grant me life."

Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed ;
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

Contentment preserves the Christian from many sins, especially discontent, impatience, murmuring, envy, covetousness, despondency, flying to unlawful and indirect means to help ourselves.

St. Paul writes to the Philippians (iv. 11) : "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." I must learn the lesson that he learned, then shall I be fully satisfied with my present position, and with any position to which the providence of God may call me.

Conversation.

THAT is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments.

The great secret of being agreeable in conversation is to be willing to forget yourself, and try to please others.

When a person speaks much in company it is done, in most instances, with a view to distinguish himself.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

He that can rule his tongue shall live without strife. Whether it be to friend or foe, talk not of other men's lives; and if thou canst, without offence, reveal them not.

The heart of fools is in their mouth; but the mouth of the wise is in their heart.

The tongue has led many to ruin.

Shallow brooks babble; deep rivers run silently. It is a great point of wisdom not to speak much.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.

The more you speak of yourself the more likely you are to lie.

Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less, or if you must talk say little.

Speak little and well if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

In conversation humour is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn, but all desire to be pleased, or if not to be easy.

Conversation is but carving,
Carve for all, yourself is starving;
Give no more to ev'ry guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all, but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff;
And that you may have your due,
Let some neighbour carve for you.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of society.

To hear patiently and to answer precisely are the great perfections of conversation.

The man who is of a detracting spirit will misconstrue the most innocent words.

I may not be

Full of wise saws and modern instances ;

Yet it ought to be true of me that, he

Uttered nothing base.

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.

Conversation teaches more than meditation.

Thought too, delivered, is the more possessed :

Teaching we learn, and giving we receive.

"Let your speech be always with grace."—COLOSS. iv. 6.

"Put away from thee a froward mouth."—PROV. iv. 24.

Enemies, and bitter enemies, he must have who tries to be a wit.

In the sallies of badinage a polite fool may shine.

When we are in the company of sensible men we ought to be cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things,—their good opinion and our own improvement.

Although in public speaking wise men may have

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn ;

yet in private conversation the wisest very often talk like the weakest ; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

With thee conversing I forget all time.

* * * *

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made.

* * * *

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

There is so much correspondence betwixt the heart and tongue that they will move at once. Every man therefore speaks of his own pleasure and care. If the heart were full of God, the tongue could not refrain to talk of Him : the rareness of Christian communication argues the common poverty of grace.

Covetousness.

OUR Saviour saith (LUKE xii. 15): "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." I must attend to this double warning of Him Who knows what is in my heart, Who knows what is my besetting sin, and Who says: "Out of the heart proceedeth covetousness."

"Refrain from covetousness and thy estate shall prosper," wrote Plato, who died 347 B.C.

"The wealth of covetous persons," says Socrates, the master of Plato, "is like the sun after he has set, delights none."

Not one godly man in all the Scripture is to be found whose history is blotted with the charge of covetousness—the professor's sin.

I must not make the fear of poverty my excuse for covetousness.

Against that deadly sin of covetousness my best resource is a glad compliance with God's precept in the bestowal of my substance. Most insidious, most fatal, and most common, is the sin of covetousness. This disease is as almost universal as it is virulent. Wealth is the goddess whom all the world worshippeth.

The foulest fact that was ever done in the world was done for money—the betraying of Christ.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything and part with nothing. The covetous are cruel.

In everything else we are made wiser by age: but this one vice is inseparable from it. We are all inclined to grow fonder of money-making, more close-fisted, more grasping, the older we grow. Of all vices none doth more wax old with us than covetousness.

Because men believe not Providence, therefore they do so greedily scrape and hoard. They do not believe there will be any reward for charity, therefore they will part with nothing.

Horace, the friend of Virgil, and who died 8 B.C., well says: "*Semper avarus eget*, the miser is always in want." He wants for ever who would more acquire.

Juvenal the satirist, A.D. 128, says: "The love of money increases as fast as the money itself increases."

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself. The covetous man pines in plenty.

I must so live that no one may ever say of me :

Through daily care
To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life, unto himself unknown.

I must remember that the Scriptures tell me that "Covetousness is idolatry" (COLOSS. iii. 5); and that "no covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God" (EPH. v. 5). "Thou shalt not covet," is God's commandment; "the covetous the Lord abhorreth" (Ps. x. 3), wrote David, who wrote as he was moved by the Holy Ghost.

Like St. Paul, I must covet no man's silver, or gold, or apparel,—"or anything that is his." I must in nowise yield to the sin of covetousness, for in so doing I shall err from the faith, and pierce myself through with many sorrows; and I shall justly give my neighbours occasion to say of me, "He coveteth greedily all the day long."

This must be my daily prayer unto God: "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness."

Thus saith the Lord (ISA. lvii. 17): "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him"—Achan with stones, Ahab with an arrow, Gehazi with leprosy. He saith also: "He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days" (PROV. xxviii. 16).

One of the many mottoes of the believing Christian must be this: "Hating covetousness" (EXOD. xviii. 21).

Death.

"BY man came death."—1 COR. xv. 21.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—1 COR. xv. 26.

'Tis one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death; for a time fixed even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than the uncertainty.

The foresight of the hour of death would continually interrupt the course of human affairs.

Aristotle, who died 322 B. C., said: "Death seems the boundary of all things, with no good or evil beyond it."

Vespasian the Roman emperor had a slave who said to him daily as he left his chamber, "Remember thou art a man."

Death levels sceptres and spades together. He spares none. He turns all secular glory into ashes.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings.

We shall not die an hour the sooner, but abundantly the better, for our timely setting our heart and our house in order.

How wonderful is death!
Death and his brother sleep.

* * * *

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

He that always waits upon God is ready whensoever He calls. He is a happy man who so lives, as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.

Is death uncertain? therefore be thou fixed;
Fixed as a sentinel,—all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.

* * * *

He dies, and makes no sign.

Death is the foreshadowing of life. Believing Christians may die once, but over them the second death shall have no power.

The Christian may say, Death shot its sting into the Saviour's side, and there left it, and there lost it.

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man

who liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things !

Why should I repine
That Jesus in His bosom wears
A flower that once was mine ?

* * * *

In that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

* * * *

The death of those distinguished by their station,
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.

* * * *

Death's shafts lie thick ! here falls the village swain,
And there his pampered lord.

* * * *

Sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

* * * *

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think—my child is there ;
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

Though we believe that death will completely free the holy soul from its remaining pollutions—that it will exchange defective sanctification into perfect purity, entangling temptations into complete freedom, suffering and affliction into health and joy, doubts and fears into perfect security, and oppressive weariness into everlasting rest—yet there is no magic in the wand of death which will convert an unholy soul into a holy one.

There is a pause near death, when men grow bold
Towards all things else.

The dying Christian can say *with* Christ, "My flesh shall rest in hope"; and can say *to* Christ, "When I awake in Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."

Let me live the life, then shall I die the death, of the righteous—and shall be able to say with Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Discontent.

THE Lord is too good and too great to be quarrelled with ; and never yet did any believer get any good by complaining of Him.

What uncomfortable lives do they live who are continually fretting at that which cannot be helped—quarrelling with the disposals of Providence where they cannot alter them ; and thus by contracting guilt, as by indulging grief, doubling every burden.

A repining life is a lingering death.

God usually works deliverances for His people gradually that the day of small things may not be despised, nor the day of great things be despaired of.

It is an evidence of great hardness to be more concerned about our sufferings than about our sins.

The way to forget the sense of our miseries is to remember the God of our mercies.

Sour discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate ;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

To quarrel with Providence is to charge God foolishly. His alms are too good not to be patiently waited for.

Discontent casts a cloud over the mind, and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets it than about the means of removing it.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together into one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than those that belong to any one else.

What's more miserable than discontent ?

There's discontent from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,

Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend,
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.

No condition of life of itself makes a man content without the grace of God; for we find Haman discontented in the court, Ahab discontented on the throne, Adam discontented in Paradise, and the angels that fell discontented in heaven itself.

He who has enough should wish for nothing more.

Happy is he who limits his wants to his necessities.

Let me ask of God a meek and quiet spirit. When I pray against discontent I bind myself to watch and strive against it. Let me ask God for a humble heart. The humble man is seldom discontented; he thinks that the least of mercies is good enough for the chief of sinners.

They cannot go wrong whose Guide is the Way; they cannot err whose direction is the Truth; they cannot perish whose presence is Life. Let me then commit myself to His care and His love, and discontent cannot lodge in my heart.

If we give up ourselves contentedly to the care of God our Saviour He will keep us from being swallowed up in the whirlpool of Charybdis, or wrecked on the rock of Scylla. He will preserve us from all perils, and bring us safely into the port of Paradise, the desired haven, the haven where we would be.

Cloudy mornings often bring fine evenings.

The malcontent is neither well full nor fasting. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.

Oh, beg such a heart, that God may do what He will with thee, that His will may be done; and this prayer will procure patience and help against discontent.

It was the beautiful expression of a Christian, who had been rich, when he was asked how he could bear his reduced state so happily: "When I was rich, I had God in everything, and now I am poor I have everything in God."

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Doing Good.

I MUST daily follow the example of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and go about doing good, as opportunity may offer, either to the bodies or the souls of the young, the aged, the poor, the sick, or the distressed, seeking to promote their temporal or eternal happiness.

Suetonius, who wrote the lives of the first twelve Roman Emperors, tells us that Titus the tenth, and the best of them, and called the Delight of Mankind—he died at the age of 40—one night recollecting that he had done nothing beneficial to mankind during the day, exclaimed, "*Pardidi diem!* I have lost a day!"

Marcus Aurelius, the sixteenth Roman Emperor, a philosopher and a systematic persecutor of Christianity—reigned from A.D. 161 to 180—declared that by imitating the gods it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in order that he might be able to do all the good he could to others.

Cicero, who died 43 B.C., said men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

Heathens should not put Christians to shame! Julian the Apostate—died A.D. 363—Emperor of Rome and nephew of Constantine the Great, writing to Arsadius, bishop of Cappadocia, says: "This same religion, which they call Christian, is spread far and wide by reason of the great beneficence which those whom they call Christians do show to all mortal men of what religion soever."

Let me remember Christ's mercy was ever pardoning, His wisdom was ever teaching, His liberality was ever giving, His pity was ever helping.

I must do good not to receive more good in return, but as an evidence of my gratitude for what I have already received. I must do all for love and nothing for reward, as Christ commands, "hoping for nothing again;" and so learn the luxury of doing good.

On the gravestone of Howard the philanthropist, who died January 20th, 1790, and who lies buried at Cherson in Russian Tartary, are inscribed these words: "He lived for others." I too must live, not for myself, but for others.

It may be truly said of every Christian who follows Christ: "He does what he can;"

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

I must daily live that I may have "no day without a deed to crown it."

I must daily do all that is in my power to do, though that all be but little.

"How far that little candle throws his beam,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

It is no doubt still true of many kind-hearted men that they

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

As a Christian I ought daily to be able to say: "My bosom is full of kindness" to the sick and needy, especially to them that are my brethren in Christ; and each day to add these words, "I never did repent for doing good, nor shall I now."

What shall I do to be for ever known, to have an everlasting name? I will every day write my name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of those with whom I come in contact, and I shall never be forgotten.

Let us ever act as brothers,
Ne'er with pity be content,
Always doing good to others,
Both in *action* and *intent*.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

Whosoever sincerely endeavours to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

Doing unto Others.

OUR Saviour saith : "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—MATT. vii. 12.

To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.

Alexander Severus, the 24th Roman emperor, a heathen, who died at York, A.D. 211, used to say : "Do nothing to another which you would be unwilling should be done to yourself." For this golden rule, which he borrowed from the Christians, he had such an uncommon veneration that he ordered it to be engraved in large capitals over the gate of his palace, and on the doors of many public buildings. I ought not to let a heathen put me, a Christian, to shame !

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Aristides, the rival of Themistocles, by whose influence he was ostracised ten years, was so distinguished for his integrity that he received the glorious surname of "the Just."

Paulinus, after spending his whole patrimony on charity, sold himself for a slave to redeem the sons of a poor widow.

Seneca said : "I would live as if I knew I received my being only for the benefit of others."

We are born to do benefits.

All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will if I can do something for others. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.

That we would do
We should do when we would.

* * * *
Ah when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule ?

* * * *

No harsh reflection let remembrance raise :
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise.

If I be bound to pray for all that be in distress I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray

for. I must not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy. When my brother has lost all that he ever had, and lies languishing and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, I must not think I can lick him whole again only with my tongue. I must do to him as I would he should do to me were I in his distress.

When Bishop Burnet's servant remonstrated with his master for giving a needy parishioner all the money he had in the house, the good bishop replied : " You do not know the pleasure there is in making a man glad."

Religion consists not so much in joyful feelings as in the constant exercise of devotedness to God, and in laying ourselves out for the good of others.

* * * *

He who works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my brother man.

It was said of a good man, that in feeding the lamp of charity he exhausted the lamp of life.

I must be ready to vindicate my neighbour's good name when I hear him unjustly censured, and I must be ready to take all opportunities of doing him good.

Let each assist the other in his need ;
Seldom good actions go without their due.

Peter the Great once struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed : " Alas, I have civilized my subjects, I have conquered nations, but I have not been able to conquer myself."

The object for which every lighthouse is built is, to give light and to save life : I should live for the same purpose too.

Hannah Moore well said :

And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths one another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

" Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ; in honour preferring one another."—ROMANS xii. 10.

But strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.

Duty.

LET every man endeavour to make the world happy by a strict performance of his duty to God and man, and the mighty work of reformation will soon be accomplished.

Duties are ours ; events are God's.

Consult duties, not events.

The way of duty is the way of safety. Let us do our duty, and trust God with our safety.

Let us not run out of the path of duty lest we run into the way of danger.

We must never omit known duty merely for fear it should be misconstrued ; but while we keep a good conscience let us trust God with our good name.

In difficult times our care concerning the events of the day should be swallowed up in a care for the duties of the day.

It is a principal point of duty to assist another when he stands most in need of assistance.

Hoc opus, hic labor est—

This is a work of labour and of pain.

Better make an effort to-day and fail, than never try.

By attending carefully to present duties I shall fit myself for future work.

For it is beautiful, only to do the thing we are meant for.

Law is a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power of a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong.

Do what you ought, come what may.

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Nelson just before the battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805. After Nelson had received his mortal wound and was taken below, under the care of the surgeon, his mind was busily occupied by the engagement of the hostile fleets, and his dying instruction to the captain, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor," exhibited its full action at the moment of his departure.

Doing his duty is the delight of a good man.

In honouring God and doing His work put forth all thy strength.

Shall we serve heaven with less respect
Than we do minister to our gross selves ?

Fabricius the Roman hero could not be corrupted by bribes nor influenced by threats. Pyrrhus declared it would be as easy to divert the sun from its course as Fabricius from the path of duty.

There is one solid pleasure in life : it is our duty ; and yet many make that one a pain.

We should never think of duty as a cold world. It is higher than love, for it is, in its right performance, love in action.

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd :
He is content who to obey has learn'd.

Perform whatever you promise. It is no less binding upon a Christian to fulfil a promise than it is to pay a bill.

Never say, We must do as others do ; but rather say, We must do our duty.

They that adhere to their duty secure their felicity.

There is no evil that we cannot face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the duty.

A sense of duty will dignify the meanest tasks. While we make God's precepts our rule, His promises our stay, and His providence our guide, we need not dread the greatest difficulties we may meet with in the way of duty.

Those who give to God only the shadow of duty can never expect from Him a real reward.

Many frighten themselves from real duties by imaginary difficulties. . . No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. . . No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfilment of each man's proper duties.

Endeavour with unruffled brow,
And with a mind serene,
To meet the duties of the Now,
The Present, and the Seen.
He who doth a Saviour own
Is not left to strive alone.

Enemies.

"I SAY unto you, Love your enemies."—MATT. v. 44. Can Christ be in my enemies? He is so near unto them that He calls upon me to pray for them, to love them. For even they may be in the number of those other sheep of His which He will bring into His fold. To love them which love me is easy gratitude, but when I love them that hate me then my love, kindled by the love of my heavenly Father, shineth forth in the perfection of beauty.

Jesus Christ loved His enemies, and thus prayed for the four Roman soldiers as they were nailing Him to the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

I must be more troubled at the sin my enemy committeth than the wrong he doeth, and so at once forgive him and pray for him.

Take each man's censure.

The enemy that justly reproves thee is a friend. Truth is truth, tho' spoken by an enemy and spoken in malice.

Happy are they who can hear their own detraction and can put them to mending. Philip, king of Macedon, being solicited by his courtiers to dismiss a person of merit who had spoken of him somewhat slightly; "Perhaps," said he, "I have given him a sufficient reason." And the same king, when he was evil spoken of by the chief rulers of the city of Athens, thanked them heartily, because by them he was made better both in his words and deeds; "for I study," saith he, "both by my sayings and doings to prove them liars."

Fas est ab hoste doceri, says Ovid, the friend of Virgil and Horace. It is lawful to be taught by an enemy. It is always safe to learn from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct our friends.

The reproach of an enemy may be to many men a quicker spur to the amendment of their life than the gentle monition of a friend.

Thou hast dared to tell me what I durst not tell myself.

Many persons are

Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just *hint* a fault, and hesitate dislike.

The sword wounds the body and speech the mind.
If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes, says Virgil. I fear the Greeks even when they offer presents. I am on my guard against an enemy, and particularly when he proffers kindness.

He struck no blow but that his foe he hit,
And never hit but made a grievous wound,
And never wounded but death followed it.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

He that may need a friend should never make a foe.
The most glorious victory over my enemy is to turn him into a friend. I must forgive and forget. My remembering an injury may do me more harm than my receiving it.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

Enemies are our outward consciences.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

As a Christian, and living in this world, which is full of Christ's enemies, I must strive to be wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.

Thus saith the Holy Ghost (PROV. xxiv. 17)—"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."

And again—(PROV. xxv. 21)—"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink."

Envy.

"WHERE envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."—JAMES iii. 16.

"Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them."

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue ;
But like a shadow prove the substance true.

The envier envies all men, but no man envies him. The envier is his own tormentor.

Livy says: "Envy is blind, and she has no other quality than that of detracting from virtue."

Virgil and Horace were contemporaries, both poets, both panting after distinction, both patronized by Mæcenas, both caressed by the same nation, yet they ate at the same table and were great friends. Envy and jealousy never soured their dispositions, never marred their peace.

Envy not the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.

'Tis eminence makes envy rise ;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find ;
Lie down obscure, like other folks,
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.

Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe ;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks ;
Thus envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the muse's fame :
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which should give him pleasure.

Hated by fools, and fools to hate—
Be that my motto and my fate.

Emulation looks out for merits ; envy spies out blemishes.
Great minds are least subject to envy.

The benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled from the complacency and serenity he has secured, from contemplating the prosperity of all around him.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that people can commend it without envy.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Envy cannot see, and ignorance cannot judge.

The man who envies must behold with pain
 Another's joys, and sicken at his gain.

Envy and wrath will shorten life.

* * * * *
 Thy danger lies in acting well,
 No crime so great as daring to excel.

* * * * *
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

When we meet with envious people—

The most effectual way to baulk
 Their malice, is—to let them talk.

Chrysostom says: "As a moth gnaws the garments, so doth envy consume the man."

When a statue had been erected by his fellow-citizens of Thasos to Teogones, a celebrated victor in one of the public games of Greece, we are told that it excited so strongly the envious hatred of one of his rivals that he went to it every night and endeavoured to throw it down by repeated blows, till at last, unfortunately, he was able to remove it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath it on its fall.

Nature furnishes no effectual antidote against envy; philosophy detects without destroying the evil. Divine grace only can expel envy and enthrone charity in the soul. And this grace must be sought and obtained from God through Jesus Christ.

Example.

"BE thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation (conduct, manner of life), in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."—1 TIM. iv. 12.

"In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works."—TITUS ii. 7.

Be a pattern to others in all that is good and noble.

Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.

Much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by example than by rule.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason, can persuade,
Then let example be obeyed.

John the Baptist was not only the voice of a crier, but a burning lamp which might be seen. So all who are crying voices must be burning lamps. Men must not only hear, but see my faith.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

I will try and keep this rule—make at least one person happy every day.

It is said of Titus that his courtesy and readiness to do good have been celebrated even by Christian writers; his principal rule being, not to send away a petitioner dissatisfied.

In public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when beneath his low, illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smoothed his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

* * * * *
He touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Equal toils the good commander with the common soldier; from his example they all take fire, as one touch kindles many.

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

We often censure that conduct in others which we practise ourselves without scruple.

The good we exhort others to, we should ourselves be examples of.

One reason why the world is not reformed is, every man would have others make a beginning, and never think of himself.

Think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.

The good that may be done by riches is very great, but not so much as by a good example.

Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

It is my duty so to live that all who live near me may say with truth,

He is a marvellous good neighbour.

A man does harm to others by his actions, to himself by his thoughts.

Gregory of Nazianzen thus counselled Athanasius : " Be an adamant to them that strike thee : a loadstone to them that dissent from thee—the one not to be moved with wrong ; the other to draw those hearts who disagree."

Every man should be a sun in his little sphere, merely a creature of Divine goodness, manifesting God's glory and shining without merit.

A Christian life is the most powerful eloquence.

The example of Christ set before us as the great model, does not supersede our following lower examples, as of the holy angels (MATT. vi. 10), and of the saints (1 COR. xi. 1 ; 1 THESS. i. 6). A soldier may take the general or captain as his great model, and yet be often animated with fresh zeal and courage by the example of a comrade in the ranks.

" Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

At once, good night ;
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Faith.

"ONE faith."—EPH. iv. 5. "The unity of the faith."—EPH. iv. 13. "Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith."—HEB. xii. 2. "Without faith it is impossible to please God."—HEB. xi. 6.

God commends the old worthies in HEB. xi., not for their love and patience, but for their faith.

How will they die? how will they die?

How bear the cross of grief?

Who have not got the light of faith,

The courage of belief?

The jewel of faith is always placed in the cabinet of a pure conscience.

The mysteries of the Christian religion are better understood by believing, than believed by understanding.

Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it.

We live by faith, and faith lives by exercise.

Reason is the eye of the soul in all things; and faith is the light of that eye in things pertaining to God.

Faith says many things concerning which the senses are silent, but nothing which the senses deny; it is always above them, but never contrary to them.

As the just live by faith, so the just live the life of faith. Now they live the life of grace, one day they shall live the life of glory.

Faith embarks you with Christ, and pilots you through the dangerous seas till you drop anchor in the haven of everlasting rest and safety, where you receive the end of your faith, the salvation of your souls.

Faith, like Easter, believes Christ dead for our sins and risen again for our justification; Hope, like Pentecost, waits for the coming of the Holy Ghost, God's free spirit of grace, to come into us and bring us to heaven; and Charity looks like Christmas, full of love to our neighbours, full of hospitality and mercy to the poor.

Faith is a beggarly receiver, charity is a rich giver. Thy faith is a hand that takes something from Him to enrich thyself; thy charity is a hand that gives something to Him in His distressed members.

Earnest in faith, earnest in action.

Faith is the eye of the soul : it looks to Christ ; it is the hand of the soul : it receives Christ ; its arm embraces Christ ; its mouth feeds on Christ ; its foot comes to Christ ; its lip kisses Christ.

If we have faith in Christ we shall love Him ; if we love Him we shall keep His commandments.

Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

Perfect faith is nothing but an assured hope and confidence in Christ's mercy.

Faith may be strongest when assurance is weakest. The woman of Canaan had no assurance, but she had a glorious faith.

Faith can do more for a man than a mine of gold.

Faith is not the lazy notion that a man may, with careless confidence, throw his burden upon the Saviour and trouble himself no further, a pillow by which he lulls his conscience to sleep, till he drops into perdition ; but a living and vigorous principle, working by love, and inseparably connected with true repentance as its motive, and with holy obedience as its fruits, by which the Christian surely appropriates all the blessings of the Gospel ; contends manfully against all his enemies, the world, and the flesh, and the devil ; and rejoices in hope of heaven till his warfare at length is ended, and he receives an inheritance of rest and a crown of glory.

Faith in Christ can be no hindrance to critical and philosophical inquiries ; otherwise the Christian would himself impede the progress of truth. The best token that the renewing of the soul is going on in us is that the Word of God becomes daily a richer mine to our intelligence.

I were no Christian if my faith were not as sure as my sense.

Oh, how unlike the cumbrous works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan !
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile ;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity ;
Inscribed above the portal from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give
Stands the soul-quickenings words—Believe and live !

Flattery.

“MEDDLE not with him that flattereth with his lips.”—
PROV. xx. 19.

Flatterers are the bosom enemies of princes.

’Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them; but passing through the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From every channel, and still bears a relish
Of flattery or private ends.

People generally despise where they flatter.

Great lords, by reason of their flatterers, are the first to know their own virtues, and the last to know their own vices. Some are made ashamed by comparison, because their ancestors were so great; and others are ashamed of their ancestors because they were so little.

When I tell him he hates flattery,
He says he does, being then most flattered.

Take heed that thou be not made a fool by flatterers, for even the wisest men are abused by them. Know, therefore, that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, and correct thee in nothing. Do not praise thyself except thou wilt be counted a vain-glorious fool, neither take delight in the praise of other men, except thou deserve it, and receive it from such as are worthy and honest, and will withal warn thee of thy faults; for flatterers have never any virtue; they are ever base, creeping, cowardly persons.

No flattery, boy; an honest man can’t live by ’t;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole, and soften fools withal.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

O, that men’s ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both persons intend deception, neither is deceived.

No visor doth become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.

We do not always like people the better, for paying us *all* the court which we ourselves think our due.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
Why what a deal of candid courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Flattery is the beast that biteth smiling.

Flattery is like the ivy, that seems to embrace the tree in its affection, but in reality chokes and kills it.

Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy the praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

Do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee ? Should the poor be flattered ?

Beware of flattery ; it is a rock thinly covered with smooth water, upon which unthinking youth are apt to split ; nor do they perceive the danger until they are shipwrecked.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

Flattery is an ensnaring quality, and leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person.

All-potent flattery, universal lord !
Reveled, yet courted ; censured, yet adored !
'Tis thine to smooth the furrow'd brow of pique,
Wrinkle with smiles the sour, reluctant cheek,
Silence the wrathful, make the sullen speak,
Disarm a tyrant, tame a father's curse,
Wring the slow farthing from the miser's purse.

I cannot flatter ; I defy
The tongues of smoothness ; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself.

Flowers.

HE cometh forth like a flower."—JOB xiv. 2.
 'As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.'—Ps. ciii. 15.

The rose in Eden had no thorn.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

A thousand roses blow in fruitful June.

Roses and maidens soon do lose their bloom.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

'Tis the last rose of summer

Left blooming alone;

All her companions are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred,

No rosebud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes,

To give sigh for sigh.

He wears the rose of youth upon him.

Pliny calls the rose the queen of flowers.

Edward I. was the first English King who assumed it as his badge. Henry VIII. was the last English Sovereign who received the golden rose from the Pope.

In the wars of the Roses—York was the white and Lancaster the red. The marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York was called the Union of the Roses, and roses were then introduced into the Royal Arms.

Oh the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock,

Chosen leaf of bard and chief.

Old Erin's native shamrock!

The shamrock is a trefoil, as is the clover-leaf; it is thought by some to be the clover, by others to be the wood sorrel.

It is said that the shamrock, the Irish national emblem, was used by Patrick M'Alpine, since called St. Patrick, as a simile of the Trinity, about A.D. 432.

The Abbot Justinian says the Order of the Thistle (Scotland) was instituted by Achaicus I. of Scotland, A.D. 809, when that

monarch made an alliance with Charlemagne, and then took for his devise the thistle.

The Welsh took the leek for their emblem, in consequence of a command from Dewi, or David, afterwards Archbishop of St. David's, in A.D. 519. On the day King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons, Dewi is said to have ordered the soldiers to place a leek in their caps.

God the first garden made ; the first city Cain.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities—the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.

Who does not look back with feelings he would in vain attempt to describe, to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earliest years ? Flowers are among the first objects that forcibly attract the attention of young children, becoming to them the source of gratifications which are among the purest of which our nature is capable.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God has written in the stars above ;
Yet not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

What a desolate place this world would be without a flower !
It would be a face without a smile ; a feast without a welcome ;
a home without a child.

But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

Reserve and modesty are the flowers with which youth should be adorned.

Zante, from its great beauty and fertility, is called the flower of the Levant.

Zante ! Zante ! flor di Levanti.

You little elf, what are you doing ?

Buttercups beneath my chin !

Think you by such simple wooing

All my secret thoughts to win ?

* * * *

He who careth for the flowers,

Will much more care for me.

Friends.

On the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

Noscitur ex sociis—he is known by his friends, his companions.
Reputation, virtue, and happiness, depend greatly on the choice of companions.

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul : he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity, and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavy-loaded ; and thou must bear half. He's never in good-humour, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend !

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion ; even a prudent enemy is preferable.

Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and will hide himself from thy face.

Purchase not friends with gifts ; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

Some friends are like shadows—with us in the sunshine, but leave us in the dark.

I can forgive

A foe but not . . . a friend :

Treason is there in its most horrid shape,

Where trust is greatest ! and the soul resign'd

Is stabbed by her own guards.

Reville not your friend. Speak well of your friend : of your enemy say nothing. Love thy friend, and be faithful to him.

Forget not thy friend in thy mind, and be not unmindful of him in thy riches.

I will not be ashamed to defend a friend, neither will I hide myself from him.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.

* * * *

I would do everything to serve a friend.

Sweet language will multiply friends.

If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him : a new friend is as new wine.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

If you have acted kindly to your friend, do not regret that you have done so, as you should rather be ashamed if you had acted otherwise.

A friend is never known till he is needed.

Prosperity gains friends, adversity tries them.

The crisis tries the friend as the fire the gold.

How ruthless men are to adversity !

My acquaintance scarce will know me ; when we meet

They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone ;

And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them.

Seneca says : " Friends keep aloof from a man who is unfortunate."

You see when folks have got their ends,

How quickly they forsake their friends.

Help yourself and your friends will love you.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,

For loan oft loseth both itself and friend.

Of no worldly good can the enjoyment be perfect unless it is shared by a friend.

Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

There is a friend which is only a friend in name. Is it not a grief unto death when a companion and a friend is turned to an enemy ?

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

He like Achates, faithful to the tomb,

Here is a dear, a true, industrious friend.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

Faithful friend

Among the faithless ; faithful he

Among innumerable false.

'Tis good to have a friend in court.

And creep time ne'er so slow

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

Promises may get friends, but it is performance that keeps them.

It behoves a friend to benefit his friend, and especially those who are in need, and to benefit them when they have not asked.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new hatch'd unfledg'd comrade.

Friendship.

RARE as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.

Friendship is power and riches all to me ;
 Friendship's another element of life :
 Water and fire not of more general use,
 To the support and comfort of the world,
 Than friendship to the being of my joy.

* * * *

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
 Is judged a partner in the trade.

Aristotle says: "To counterfeit friendship is worse than counterfeiting the coinage."

Friendship is based on equality and similarity, especially the friendship of the good.

You'll find the friendship of the world is show :
 Mere outward show.

* * * *

But man, the wildest beast of prey,
 Wears friendship's semblance to betray.
 A man renowned for repartee,
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finer feelings.

"The friendship of the great," says Horace, "seems inviting to those that have never made the trial; but he who has had experience of it is cautious."

Untried, how sweet a court attendance !
 When tried, how dreadful the dependence !

He who malignant tears an absent friend,
 Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend :
 Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
 And courts of prating petulance the praise ;
 Of things he never saw who tells his tale,
 And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal ;
 This man is vile ; here, Roman, fix your mark ;
 His soul is black, as is his nature dark.

Niger est—hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Cornelius Nepos says: "Similarity of manners and congeniality of taste are stronger motives for friendship than mere relationship."

Seneca says: "After forming a friendship you should place the utmost confidence; before that period you should exercise your judgment."

Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand; upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter he finds no production.

Cicero says: "Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed."

Sallust says: "To be influenced by a passion for the same pursuits, and to have similar dislikes, is the rational groundwork of lasting friendship."

In companions

That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Plato says: "Friendship is, strictly speaking, reciprocal benevolence, which inclines each party to be as solicitous for the welfare of the other as for his own. This equality of affection is created and preserved by a similarity of disposition and manners."

Friendship is seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.

With three sorts of men enter into no serious friendship; the ungrateful man, the multiloquous man, the coward. The first cannot prize thy favours; the second cannot keep thy counsel; the third dares not vindicate thy honour.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

"Make no friendship with an angry man."—PROV. xxii. 24.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure:
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

* * * *

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

Giving.

"REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."—ACTS xx. 35. "Give to him that asketh."—MATT. v. 42. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."—LUKE vi. 38. "Give alms of such things as ye have."—LUKE xi. 41.

As the Giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerful giver. If I cannot give bountifully I will give heartily, cheerfully. He gives well that gives willingly. God Himself knows no higher joy than to give freely and abundantly, what none but Himself has to communicate.

Bis dat qui cito dat. He gives twice who gives quickly.

Economy is a great virtue, but I must not suffer it to abridge my liberality. I must practise economy in my personal and family expenditure, but not in my offerings to the Lord.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due,
Never was scrapper brave man. Get to live,
Then live and use it.

I must proportion my charity to the strength of my estate, lest God proportion my estate to the weakness of my charity. I must let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of my gift, lest in seeking applause I lose my reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a closed mouth.

The more God bestows upon me the more He expects from me in works of piety and charity. What I give in alms in a right manner I put out to the best interest and upon the best security, for it is written (PROV. xix. 17)—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

It has been observed that those who have been accustomed to give freely of their substance in the cause of God have surmounted their difficulties, and those who refused God's claim have sunk under them. The practice of this duty of giving is the best remedy against the sins of covetousness and extravagance.

Habitual giving is a Christian duty.

If I am rich I must give abundantly out of my abundance; if I am poor I must give cheerfully out of my poverty.

Aristotle being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, answered: "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

The truly generous is the truly wise ;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

"I never knew how it was," said Baxter, "but I always seemed to have the most come in when I gave the most away."

What more praiseworthy in a Christian man than where God hath blessed, where industry hath gathered, and frugality saved, there by charitable deeds of mercy to relieve the distressed case of others, seeing Christ also accounteth this as done unto Himself: "When I was an hungred, ye gave me meat."

To have and not to give, is to make possession a burden and a curse rather than, as was intended, a pleasure and a blessing.

You gave with words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich.

The manner of the giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

On one occasion Parmenius, a General of Alexander, thought the king was too lavish in his gifts, whereupon Alexander answered: "I consider not what Parmenio ought to receive, but what Alexander ought to give."

Give freely to him who deserveth well and asketh nothing.

Tender not twice to any man the favours you may have it in your power to confer, and be not too loquacious, while you wish to be esteemed for your kindness.

"That which is presented to God," says Hooker, "is neither lost nor unfruitfully bestowed, but sanctifies the whole mass; and He by receiving a little undertakes to bless all. In which consideration the Jews were accustomed to call their tithes the hedges of their riches."

When God has had His dues out of our estates we may expect the comfort of what falls to our share.

Serving God with our little is the way to make it more; and we must never think that wasted with which God is honoured.

God.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish, with Divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.

God. This is spelt with four letters in almost every language :—in Latin, *Deus* ; Greek, *Theos* ; Hebrew, *Adon* ; Syrian, *Adad* ; Persian, *Syra* ; Turkish, *Addi* ; Arabian, *Alfa* ; French, *Dieu* ; Spanish, *Dios* ; German, *Gott* ; Irish, *Dieh*.

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity, unequalled, except by His most venerated Hebrew appellation—Jehovah. They call Him “God,” which is literally “The Good,” the same word thus signifying the Deity and His most endearing qualities.

The true God is He who was “in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself” : there is none other but He : and if this great characteristic be denied, or any other received in its stead, a man is left “without God” ; after which he may call himself a deist if he will ; but his God is a mere idol of the imagination, and has no corresponding reality in the whole universe of beings.

’Twas much that man was made like God before ;
But that God should be made like man much more.

Some fancy a God made up altogether of mercy, a childish mercy—as if His mercy had nothing else to do but to wrong all His other perfections, to make Him belie His truth, extinguish His justice, discard His wisdom, and enslave His power.

The righteousness of God was most eminently glorified in the reconciliation wrought by Christ when He made atonement for us in His blood. All after-actings of God towards us are indeed full of love ; but they are all streams from this fountain.

Let us incessantly bear in mind that the only thing we have really to be afraid of is, fearing anything more than God.

It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God ; man needs no greater infelicity than to be left to himself.

God has two dwelling-places—in the high and holy heaven, and in the humble and thankful heart.

There is an Eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an Ear that never shuts
 When sinks the beams of light.
 There is an Arm that never tires
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a Love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.
 That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
 That Ear is fill'd with Angels' songs ;
 That Arm upholds the worlds on high ;
 That Love is throned beyond the sky.

It is a deep and difficult thing to conceive properly of God in our thoughts of Him, but especially in our addresses to Him. It is revealed that He is a Spirit. Our heart should adore a spiritual majesty which it cannot comprehend. We must believe Him great without quantity, omnipresent without place, everlasting without time, and containing all things without extent; and when our thoughts are come to the highest, let us stop, wonder, and adore.

A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" The Christian answered, "Let me first ask you, Where is He not?"

"How many Gods are there?" was said to a little boy. "One." "How do you know there is only one?" "Because there is no room for more, for the one God fills heaven and earth."

God is not *æternitas* (eternity), but *eternus* (eternal). I must fear God for His power; trust Him for His wisdom; love Him for His goodness; praise Him for His greatness; believe Him for His faithfulness; and adore Him for His holiness.

The gift of His Son to be our Saviour—the gift of His Word to make the Saviour known to us—the gift of His Spirit to guide us to the Saviour—the gift of His Day to remind us of the Saviour:—the right use of these four perfect gifts will make us blessed for ever.—*Dr. Marsh.*

Good Manners.

IF I blush

It is to see a nobleman want manners.—

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

Noblesse oblige—nobility binds to noble conduct.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

A man's own good manners is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

In conversation use some, but not too much, ceremony ; it teaches others to be courteous too.

"The perfection of behaviour," says Livy, "is for a man to retain his own dignity without intruding on the liberty of others."

"Manners maketh the man"—the want thereof the fellow.

Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self-respect, accompanied by attention and deference to others ; in correct language, gentle tones of voice, ease and quietness in movements and action.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but in an assemblage of talents, tending to communicate delight ; and how many there are who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a spirit of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning ; nay, as it should seem in their defiance ; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions : he is neither hot nor timid.

The modest oft too dark appear :
The silent thoughtfully severe.

Honores mutant mores—honours change manners.

The best manners are stained by the addition of pride.

It is easier to polish the manners than to reform the heart, to disguise a fault than to conquer it. He who can venture to appear what he is, must be what he ought to be.

When Clement XIV. ascended the Papal chair the ambassadors of the several States represented at his Court waited on his Holiness with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed to return the compliment. On this the master of the ceremonies told his Holiness that he should not have returned the salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said he, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re—I must be gentle in manner, though firm in principle.

"Be not deceived : evil communications corrupt good manners"—quoted by St. Paul from the Greek poet Menander, who lived about 300 B.C.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.

Seneca writes of his own times—when Nero was emperor :
"What once were vices are now the manners of the day."

As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Let your behaviour towards your superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend.

The well-bred and refined have their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify—and they gratify them very freely. There is a finish, a delicacy of touch in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent.

"Be courteous."—1 PET. iii. 8.

Good Works.

"WE are . . . created in Christ Jesus unto good works."—
EPH. ii. 10.

"Charge them that are rich . . . that they be rich in good works."—1 TIM. vi. 17, 18.

"In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works."—
TITUS ii. 7.

"That women adorn themselves . . . with good works."—
1 TIM. ii. 9, 10.

"A widow . . . well reported of for good works."—1 TIM. v. 9, 10.

Good works are the good fruit of the true faith.

If God gives you St. Paul's faith you will soon have St. James's works.

Albeit that good works, which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification, cannot put away our sins and endure the severity of God's judgment, yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith; insomuch that by them a lively faith may be as evidently known as a tree discerned by the fruit (12th Article). Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make men meet to receive grace. . . (13th Article).

What doth grace require but the works of grace? Is he worthy to bear the name of Christ who doth not endeavour the imitation of Christ's actions? Better is it with the Lacedæmonians to *do* well, than with the Athenians to *speak* well, or only *know* what belongs to well-doing.

Words are good when works follow.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of grace beneath is rarely found.

Though faith justifies us, yet works must justify our faith.
Practice is the incarnation of faith.

The promises of salvation in Holy Scripture are not so much laid forth to the hearers as to the doers of the will of God. As Christ joined doing and teaching, so should we believing and following. We must have a right faith and a Christian life.

Good works may exist without saving principles, and therefore cannot contain in themselves the principles of salvation; but saving principles never did, never can, exist without good works.

Good works are the visible effects of faith, so that the want of them proves the want of faith.

Good words without the heart are but flattery; and good works without the heart are but hypocrisy.

Before you can *do* good, you must be *made* good.

Where the faith of Christ is not the foundation, there is no good work what building soever we make.

As soon as a man hath faith, he shall flourish in good works: for faith of itself is full of good works.

They are but infidel Christians whose faith and works are at war against each other. Faith which is right can no more forbear from good works than can the sun to shed abroad its glorious beams, or a body of perfumes to dispense a grateful odour.

The true Christian asketh not whether good works be commanded or not; but being wholly moved and provoked with a certain violence of godly love, he offereth himself willingly to do all the works that are holy and Christian-like, and never ceaseth to do well.

We can perform no good work till we are interested in Christ and accepted of God.

Some boast of good works they never did; and others promise good works they never intend to do.

Faith is the root of all good works. A root which produces nothing is dead.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree:
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:—
What God hath joined let no man part.

Every prophet and every apostle insists as much upon the fruits of faith, as upon faith itself, and the glory of Christ's person.

Christ Himself saith to all who profess and call themselves Christians: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—**MATT. v. 16.**

The Gospel.

“FOR I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.”—ROM. i. 16.

The gospel is revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures, and is to be preached to every creature, but its success is dependent on the Holy Spirit—the Divine Spirit within; the Divine Word without.

The spirit of infinite love, life, and power, dwells in every part of the gospel, constituting it a fit kind of influence for reaching, recovering, and purifying our entire nature, and raising it to heaven.

The gospel is like a fresh, mild, and cool air in the extreme heat of summer—a solace and comfort in the anguish of the conscience.—*Luther*.

This is the very scope of the gospel—to make God and us at one.—*Beza*.

The more the gospel is believed, the more God appears lovely and sin hateful.

The gospel is not preached to be heard merely, but preached also to be believed.

The gospel is a mighty engine, but only mighty when God has the working of it.

The gospel regards all men as on a level; offers the same salvation to all; and offers it on the same terms—freely, without money and without price.

The gospel may be neglected, but it cannot be understandingly disbelieved.

The gospel is the heart of God in print.

The gospel is not only a set of beautiful and comfortable promises; it is not only an enthusiastic and poetical admiration of moral greatness and goodness in Jesus Christ; it is a new life; it is a moral transformation.

The gospel does not enforce the law of God upon men whom it seeks to save at any time or any circumstance, without infusing its own heart-subduing and heart-melting power into the enforcement. It does not aim to bring men to despair in themselves, without, at the same time, and by the same influence, aiming to bring them to trust in Christ.

The gospel received into the heart saves from the wages of sin, and delivers from its power.

If God in times past commanded His people to read, without ceasing, the law which He had given them, and to meditate therein day and night; and if holy men believed themselves bound to read daily the rule which they had received from their Master—how can we neglect the law of Jesus Christ, whose words are “spirit and life?” For having entered by baptism into the Universal Church, of which Jesus Christ is the founder, it is our duty to revere the gospel as our rule, since it teaches us His will; since it assures us of His promises; since it is our light in this world, and the law by which we shall be judged in another. “The word which I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.”

God hath written a law and a gospel; the law to humble us, and the gospel to comfort us; the law to cast us down, and the gospel to raise us up; the law to convince us of our misery, and the gospel to convince us of His mercy; the law to discover sin, and the gospel to discover grace and Christ.

The gospel is a message of pardon to the guilty, of peace to the tried, and of life to them that sit in the shadow of death.

The gospel is a supernatural revelation. It has been communicated, not discovered. It is news from heaven—“the gospel of the grace of God.” Its two great promises are pardon and life. The gospel is the law of liberty, the law of faith, the law of Christ.

The gospel to the understanding is a mystery of *faith*; to the heart and life it is a mystery of *godliness*—not to be severed, holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience.

We must make the gospel known to others—must not be ashamed to confess it before men (ROM. i. 16); but earnestly contend for its truth (JUDE 3); and be ready to suffer persecution for its sake.

The main object of the gospel is to establish these two principles—the entire corruption of our nature by sin, and our free redemption by Jesus Christ.

Grace.

"HE giveth grace unto the lowly.—PROV. iii. 34.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 COR. xii. 9.

"He giveth more grace."—JAS. iv. 6.

Grace—God's good-will towards us; God's good work in us.

A poor man in Fife, before eating, asked a blessing in these weighty words, which were found after the Duchess of Gordon's death written on a slip of paper in her hand: "Lord, give me grace to feel the need of grace; and give me grace to ask for grace; and give me grace to receive grace; and, O Lord, when grace is given, give me grace to receive it. Amen."

The heaven of heavens is the habitation of God's glory; the lowly heart the habitation of His grace.

As grace begins in God's love to us, so it ends in our love to Him.

It requires more grace in the heart to do little things than great things, to the glory of God.

Grace teaches us in the midst of life's greatest comforts to be willing to die, and in the midst of its greatest crosses to be willing to live.

None are transplanted to Paradise but from the nursery of grace.

The acts of breathing which I performed yesterday will not keep me alive to-day; I must continue to breathe afresh every moment, or animal life ceases. In like manner yesterday's grace and spiritual strength must be renewed, and the Holy Spirit must continue to breathe on my soul, from moment to moment, in order to my enjoying the consolations, and to my working the works, of God.

By "the grace of God" in Scripture is generally meant His favour to the unworthy, in opposition to merit. It supposes that God is under no constraint in exercising mercy, and that man has no claims upon Him. It is the only source of all the great blessings we enjoy in this world, and of all the blessings we shall enjoy in the next. This grace is displayed in our regeneration, sanctification, and preservation; and, when its subjects are completely glorified, grace will be fully satisfied. Faith is necessary to it, but does not lessen its freeness; for faith also is matter of free favour.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Nature may draw tears, but grace must dry them. Grace and glory are one and the same thing, in a different print, in a smaller and greater letter. Glory lies couched and compacted in grace as the beauty of a flower lies couched and ellipsed in the seed.

The growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly indeed but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and though in winter it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God, not otherwise, but to fear. Happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears: a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

The kingdom of grace is the kingdom of glory in commencement; and the kingdom of glory is the kingdom of grace in full, yet ever-growing perfection.

Grace may be shaken in the soul; but it cannot be shaken out of the soul. It may be a bruised reed, but shall never be a broken reed.

The grandest operations both in nature and in grace are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one, but the coming on of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the Church and in the soul.

It is most certain that there is a chain of graces linked together, and they who have one have all in some good measure. They who have a lively hope have a fervent love to God: and they who love God love their neighbours, and they who hate sin sorrow for it; and they who sorrow for sin will avoid the occasion of it; and they that are thus watchful will pray fervently; and they who pray will meditate; and they who pray and meditate at home will join seriously in the public worship of God. Thus graces are combined, and holy duties linked together; and no grace is alone.

Lord, give me grace: give more and more;
And let me to Thy glory live;
And teach, oh, teach me to adore
The Love which grace to man can give!

Gratitude.

THE grateful man seeks to know the will of God, that he may do it from his heart. In the gift of his substance, as in other things, he recognizes God's expressed pleasure, and that which to the covetous is a reluctant act, gratitude makes delightful and love makes easy to the servant of the Lord.

Sweet music's melting fall (is sweet), but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

Gratitude is a temper of mind which denotes a desire of acknowledging the receipt of a benefit—not a lively sense of favours to come.

I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth as in my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Gratitude is a virtue disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgment of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same, or the like, as occasions of the doer of it shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

O call not to mind what you have done!
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shows me poor and bankrupt ev'n in hopes.

There is a selfishness even in gratitude when it is too profuse; to be over-thankful for one favour is in effect to lay out for another.

What causes such a miscalculation in the amount of gratitude which men expect for the favours they have done, is that the pride of the giver and that of the receiver can never agree as to the value of the benefit.

There is a certain lively gratitude which not only acquits us

of the obligations we have received, but by paying what we owe them makes our friends indebted to us.

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.

Seneca says: "Let him who has done another a kindness say nothing about it; let him who has received one proclaim it. As gratitude is a necessary and a glorious, so also it is an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue; so obvious that wherever there is life there is place for it; so cheap that the covetous man may be gratified without expense; and so easy that the sluggard may be so likewise without labour."

Epicurus says: "Gratitude has commonly profit annexed to it. And where is the virtue that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it."

If he had felt less he would have said more. Thankfulness is the beginning of gratitude; gratitude is the completion of thankfulness.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.

A grateful mind is a great mind.

A grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.

"Let the man," says Seneca, "who would be grateful think of repaying a kindness, even while receiving it."

He that has nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful,
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men.

Almost every one takes a pleasure in requiting trifling obligations; many people are grateful for moderate ones, but there is scarcely any one who does not show ingratitude for great ones.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

Grave.

"THERE the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

"There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

"The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master."—JOB iii. 17—19.

Here o'er the martyr King (Henry VI.) the marble weeps,
And fast beside him once-feared Edward (IV.) sleeps.
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And mingled lie th' oppressor and th' opprest.

The poor man's grave! this is the spot
Where rests his weary clay;
And yet no gravestone lifts its head
To say what gravestones say.

There is an elegance and a classical simplicity in the turf-clad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave. The primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament than the gilded lies on the oppressor's tombstone.

The beggar and the king
With equal steps tread forward to their end.

The reconciling grave
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes;
Then all lie down in peace together.

The grave extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?

What is the grave?
'Tis a cool, shady harbour, where the Christian,
Wayworn and weary, with life's rugged road,
Forgetting all life's sorrows, joys, and pains,
Lays his poor body down to rest.

The place of burial is called in the Greek, *Koimēterion*, a sleeping-place, and in the Hebrew, *Beth-ha'aim*, the house of the living.

The first purchase mentioned in the Bible is the purchase of a grave—the field and cave of Machpelah.

They were wont once a year to meet at the graves of the martyrs; there solemnly to recite their sufferings and triumphs; to praise their virtues; to bless God for their pious examples, for their holy lives and their happy death.

The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of the Sabbath Day in rural places are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying.

Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the graves of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall blossom when he sleeps in dust.

* * * *

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

All men are equal on the turf, and under the turf.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

* * * *

Here lies the great—false marble, where?
Nothing but sordid dust lies here.

* * * *

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Nor you, ye proud, impute the fault
If memory o'er their graves no trophies raise.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb.

* * * *

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave!

“My flesh shall rest in hope.”

H

Greatness.

GREAT is the victory that costs no blood.

| I may not be able to say—

“I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.”

Yet I ought to say—

“A noble life before a long one.”

I dare do all things that become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

I must be great in act as well as thought—great in doing good. Then friends and foes will be constrained to say—

“He is no less than what we say he is.”

If I am good as well as great, my goodness should be great, and as well known as my greatness.

Shall it be said of me—

“He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale?”

David in the wilderness was as honourable as on his throne; Job on the dunghill as in all his wealth; and Joseph in the stocks as when he was a father to Pharaoh and all his house.

Where is Pharaoh that gloried in his chariots? Doth not his overthrow tell boasting champions that a host is nothing without the God of hosts? What is it to be lifted up in this world, and in another to be cast down; here to shine in glory, and hereafter to be consumed in misery?

Heroes are much the same, the points agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede (Charles XII.).

It is what a man is, more than what he has, that speaks him truly great.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

What wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great!

* * * *

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

* * * *

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

* * * *

The truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men.

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Cervantes observes that one of the greatest advantages which princes possess above other men, is that of being attended by men as great as themselves.

"*Fuge magna*," says Horace—shun greatness. Beneath a humble roof one may live more happily than the powerful and the friends of the powerful.

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

'Tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare, costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pen of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little amidst everything else that is great.

There is none made so great but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.

Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place so'er
Thrive under evils, and work ease out of pain
Through labour'd endurance.

I must let Him who put me into the vineyard give me my wages; I must let the King of glory bestow upon me what pleaseth Him. I must make Him my Spectator, Him alone my Judge; and He will render to me according to my deeds.

The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great.

Grief.

DEEP grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd soul.

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Every grief we feel
Shortens the destined number ; every pulse
Beats a short moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off ; and soon we shall arrive
At life's sweet period. Oh, celestial point,
That ends this mortal story !

* * *
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
She grieves sincerely who grieves when alone.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart.

A pious tear is a sign of humanity and generosity.

To grieve may be laudable, but to refuse comfort is inexcusable.
It is impious towards God, without whose permission nothing happens in the world : it expresses too great a disregard to other men, as though no one remained worthy of esteem or love ; and it is highly prejudicial to ourselves, as it impairs our health, weakens our minds, unfits us for our several offices, and sometimes ends in death itself.

With equal mind what happens let us bear ;
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.

There are divers sorts of hypocrisy in grief. Under pretext of lamenting the loss of a person who is dear to us, we lament the diminution of our pleasures, our advantages, our consideration. We weep to acquire the reputation of a tender heart, to be pitied, to be wept over ; we weep to avoid the shame of not weeping.

Seneca, whilst dissuading some one from overmuch grieving at the loss of a friend, says : " I myself so immoderately wept, that I must rank among the bad examples of those who have been overcome by grief."

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Time assuages grief.

Thou canst not tell

How rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul,

How firm a faith and eagle sight of God.

That which gives us occasion for sorrow should give us occasion for prayer.

* * * * *
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

* * * * *
My grief lies all within,
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief.

Weep I cannot ;
But my heart bleeds.

Flowers never emit so strong a fragrance as before a storm.
Beauteous soul ! When a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant
as a sweet-smelling flower.

* * * * *
There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

* * * * *
I weep the more because I weep in vain.
Honest, plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
The best antidote against sorrow is employment.

What's gone, and what's past hope,
Should be past grief.

Silent woes are greatest, and silent satisfactions least.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

There's a salve for every sorrow.

Happiness.

WHAT is it, and where is it to be found? It is in *being* like God, and in *doing* like God—living gratefully and dependently upon God, and lovingly and holily towards men. This may be the portion of both rich and poor.

Personal happiness is realized in the exercise of faith in Jesus Christ, and in usefulness and holiness after the example of His life.

We must not look for perfect happiness here; God keepeth that until we come to the holy land.

To be employed is to be happy—then to be idle is to be miserable.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a-breath.

It may be said of many a one, "He hath indeed a good outward happiness," but a contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy under all conditions. Rich men are not happier than poor men. The poor are apt to think they are, but it is a mistake, and it is often found that as a man increaseth riches he increaseth sorrow.

But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

Horace says: "What we seek is either here, or nowhere."

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.

Thales of Miletus in Ionia, one of the seven sages of Greece, was asked, "What is necessary to happiness?" and he answered, "A sound body and a contented mind."

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

* * * *

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
 Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.

Books and a garden, it is said, give happiness, yet not perfect happiness, for—

The world was sad, the garden was a wild ;
 And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd.

* * * *

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has survived the fall !

Happy is he who owes nothing.

Tacitus, the historian of the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, says :
 " Unusual was the happiness of the times, so much so that you
 might think as you would, and might speak as you thought."

Paley truly observes : " The common course of things is in
 favour of happiness ; happiness is the rule, misery the exception.
 Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples
 of health and competency, instead of disease and want."

Sydney Smith recommends it as a rule to try to make at least
 one person happy every day. He says : " Take ten years, and
 you will have made 3650 persons happy, or brightened a small
 town, by your contribution to the fund of general joy."

John Howard, the philanthropist, in the midst of his constant
 perils and dangers, wrote from Riga : " I hope I have sources
 of enjoyment that depend not on the particular spot I inhabit."

A rightly cultivated mind, under the power of religion and the
 exercise of beneficent dispositions, affords a ground of satisfaction
 little affected by *here's* and *there's*.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom,—he
 that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so ; but he that
 thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

There's always sunshine somewhere in the world.

A happy thought comes from a happy heart ; it will come
 from no other, but it will go to another.

" Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—PROV. xvi. 20.

Health.

HEALTH is wealth. Health is riches to the poor.

"*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in sano corpore*," wrote Juvenal, a satirical Roman poet, died 128 A.D. We should pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

The golden rule of education is to seek to have *mens sana in sano corpore*.

Draw physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.

The skies, the air, the morning breezy call,
Alike are free, and full of health to all.

The air is the great physician of the world.

Health confides in it as its most faithful friend; the weak it invigorates, the weary it refreshes.

Great temperance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.

The best of rest is sleep.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

Deaf to noise and blind to sight—in a good sleep.

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine.

There are said to be seven millions of pores in the skin. To keep these open, clean cold water ought to come in contact with every one of them once every day.

From the body's purity, the mind
Receives a sympathetic aid.

Exercise gives health, vigour and cheerfulness, sound sleep and a keen appetite.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence to live as if he were poor.

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,—
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek

Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their own with that Love of Rest
To which he forfeits e'en the Rest he loves.

Let me remember :

Beauty fades and decays, virtue shines and endures.

A lazy man is a sick man. Alternate rest and labour long endure.

Let temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

"Reckon up the number of dishes prepared for our tables, and you will no longer marvel," said an old Roman, "at the innumerable diseases to which mortals are subject."

In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Simple diet is best—for many dishes bring many diseases. One of the maxims of Epicurus was : "Abstain in order to enjoy."

Aristotle says : "Excess and deficiency equally destroy the health of our bodies, while what is proportionate preserves and augments them."

Sound health cometh of moderate eating.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.
Nought like the simple element dilutes.

Wine is like anger, for it makes us strong :
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong ;
The strength is quickly lost ; we feel the error long.

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains !

The goblet I reserve for hours of ease,
I war on water.

Intemperance destroys the strength of our bodies and the vigour of our minds.

Health and a good estate of body are above all gold, and a strong body above infinite wealth.

In these days half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. Health is the greatest of all possessions.

Socrates used to say, it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.

Health is far from the ungodly, for they keep not God's law.

Holiness.

“HOLINESS, without which no man shall see the Lord.”—
HEB. xii. 14.

Christ comes with a blessing in each hand : forgiveness in one and holiness in the other, and never gives either to any one who will not take both.

The fear of man will make us hide sin ; but the fear of the Lord will cause us to hate it.

I must indulge no secret wish to be saved without being sanctified.

A holy, heavenly life, spent in the service of God and in communion with Him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant, comfortable life that any one can live in this world.

The only way to be happy is to be holy. Mercies are then perfected when they are sanctified.

It is the wise man who can impart wisdom to others ; the good man that can diffuse goodness ; the holy man that can diffuse holiness.

Omnipotent energy alone can preserve true holiness.

A holy calling never saved any man without a holy heart ; if our tongues only be sanctified, our whole man must be damned.

Better it were never to be born after the flesh than not to be born after the Spirit.

Whoever well considers the state of the world and human experience, cannot but conclude that God is more concerned to make men holy than happy ; for many are able to rest in their sorrows for the sake of their use and end, but no one finds rest in unholy delights. In sinful pleasure God follows man with a scourge, in sorrow with balm.

Holiness is the Holy Spirit's seal on the renewed heart, the mark of God's children.

It is the great mark of vain professors and lukewarm Christians to have a stronger desire for ultimate salvation than for present holiness.

They who are not made saints in a state of grace will never be saints in glory. The stones which are appointed for that glorious temple above are hewn and polished and prepared for it here ; as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountain for building the temple at Jerusalem.

The holy man and the atheist always talk of religion; the one speaks of what he loves and the other of what he fears.

A holy life is the best preparation for a happy death.

God's holy commandment—"Be ye holy, for I am holy."

The outward man must correspond to the inward man.

Come, my heart, draw nigh to God for remission and renovation, with fulness of desire for a full work; come now, this moment, as also to Jesus, for all His cleansing, for washing in His blood, for love, for fidelity. Deliver thyself into His hands, and beg of Him to purge His floor in thee, and make thee pure wheat, fit for His garner. And, O Spirit of Holiness! do Thou bring me, in repentance and faith, to the blood of sprinkling; sanctify my spirit, soul, and body, and baptize me with Thy fire into obedience and love of the truth.

If any one's head or tongue should grow apace, and all the rest of the body not grow, it would certainly make him a monster; and they are no other that are knowing and talkative Christians, and grow daily in these respects, but not at all in holiness of heart and life, which is the proper growth of the children of God.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good, and partaking of God's holiness.

In holiness there is such a sparkling lustre, that whosoever beholds it, must needs be astonished at it; nay, even those that oppose it, cannot but admire it. Holiness carries a graceful majesty along with it, wheresoever or in whomsoever it is truly and sincerely possessed.

Without holiness there can be no such heaven as the New Testament reveals. There is a moral omnipotence in holiness. Argument may be resisted, persuasion and entreaty may be scorned, but a life of holiness is so powerful that nothing can withstand it.

It is the erroneous thought of many that holiness must precede reconciliation to God, instead of following it. True holiness is the effect, not the cause. Holiness is cleanliness of heart. And all who have a clean heart, daily cleansed in the blood of Christ, will daily wash their hands in innocency, will speak a pure language, will daily walk in the way of holiness, and they will daily delight in holy thoughts and holy desires.

Holy Spirit.

THE Holy Spirit is the Third Person in the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity.

"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

This must be my daily prayer—"Cleanse, O Lord, the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that I may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name."

The gift of the Holy Spirit was the special fruit of Christ's death, exaltation, and intercession.

None are, or can be, sons of God, but they who give up themselves entirely to the leading and guidance of the Spirit of God. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

The constant supplies of the Spirit of Jesus Christ are the food and fuel of all our graces. The best men will show themselves but men if God leave them. He who hath set them up must also keep them from falling.

I strive to rise—sin keeps me down ;
 I fly from sin,—sin follows me ;
 My will doth reach at glory's crown :—
 Weak is my strength,—it will not be :
 See how my fainting soul doth pant !
 O let Thy strength supply my want.

It is part of the office of the Holy Ghost to lead, direct, and govern us in our actions and conversations, that we may actually do and perform those things which are acceptable in the sight of God. "If we live in the Spirit," quickened by His renovation, we must "walk in the Spirit," following His direction, led by His manuduction. And, if we "walk in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh ;" for we are not only directed, but animated, and acted on in those operations by the Spirit of God, who giveth both to will and to do those things which are pleasing in His sight. "Hereby we know that God abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us."

Our carnal hearts are the old stock, which before the word of God be grafted in it, cannot bring forth the only spiritual fruit acceptable to God ; but when by the spiritual operation of His Holy Spirit the word which we hear with our outward ears is

inwardly grafted therein, it then bringeth forth the fruit of good living. So that all the bad fruits that appear in our lives come from the old stock, the flesh; and if there be any good fruit of the Spirit in us, it is from virtue of that word of grace that is grafted in us.

The work of the Holy Spirit—to convince the soul of its sinfulness—to constrain the sinner to come to Christ—to enable the sinner to believe on Christ—to succour in temptation, to comfort in affliction, to strengthen in weakness, encourage in difficulties, to help in time of need.

Jesus Christ left His mother to His Apostle, but His Church to His Spirit.

Jesus Christ promised His apostles that the Holy Ghost should teach them all things, bring all things to their remembrance, guide them into all truth—"He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you."

Jesus Christ came to fulfil the law, the Holy Spirit to complete the gospel; Jesus Christ came to redeem the Church, the Holy Spirit to teach the Church; Jesus Christ came to pay down our ransom, the Holy Ghost to unloose our fetters.

I must neither quench nor resist the Holy Spirit by Whom, if I am a believing Christian, I am sealed unto the day of redemption—that is, the resurrection of the just.

If I follow the Spirit I shall find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.

I must daily pray that the Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule my heart—open the eyes of my understanding to understand the Scriptures, and see the wondrous things in God's law. O Lord, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, and pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Home.

'MID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

I must "learn first to show piety at home," and then extend my interest, riches, and pleasures far and wide.

Love of home is planted deep in the heart of man. The finger of God points to home, and says to us all, there is the place to find your earthly joy. As we go through this world of trial and of change, we can find our only joy in a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and domestic peace. Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from misfortune, our choice retreat from the world. It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly-cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but they reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, piety, and a cheerful heart which makes home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fireside as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement.

Home is the resort
Of love, and joy, and peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

A Christian home should be the happy abode of warm and loving hearts—thinking, working, and sorrowing together.

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
When first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

"She always made home happy"—

an epitaph in a churchyard, inscribed by a husband after sixty years of wedded life.

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Longe fuit qui suos fugit.—Varro. Far doth he flee, who self
 and clan doth shun.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition,
 the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which
 every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that
 every man must be known by those who would make a just
 estimate either of his virtue or his felicity.

We should always try to feel, and to make all others in our
 household feel, that home is the happiest place in the world.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

In this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest ;
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie !
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home !

The free, fair homes of England !

Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd
 To guard each hallow'd wall !

And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.

Honesty.

HONESTY is the best policy; but he who acts from that principle is not an honest man, because he acts from policy, and not from the love of right.

The highest principle is the highest expediency.

Act honestly and answer boldly.

Uprightness is strength and character

There is no terror in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Rich honesty dwells like your miser, sir, in a poor-house.

If unfaithful in little, what should I be with much, but more grasping, guilty, and miserable?

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein.

Arcades ambo!—villains both.

The man who pauses on his honesty,
Wants little of the villain.

The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his honesty and the opinion of his wisdom.

An upright posture is easier than a stooping one, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.

Diogenes being asked one day what he was searching for so diligently that he needed the light of a lantern in broad day, replied, "An honest man."

Search'd with lantern light to find an honest man.

None better guard against a cheat,
Than he who is a knave complete.

"Do not consider that for your interest," says Antoninus, "which makes you break your word, or inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light, or look the world in the face. Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie."

"The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world," says Socrates, "is to be in reality what we would appear to be;" and if we will observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

It is much easier to ruin a man of principle than a man of none. Knavery is supple, and can bend; but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

It is natural to hope that a comprehensive, is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest.

As a man can never be truly honest unless he be religious, so, on the other hand, whatever show of religion a man may make, he cannot be truly religious in God's judgment, unless he is honest in his conversation towards his neighbour.

The steward, whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear;
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would be proved, upright.

"A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is His delight."—PROV. xi. 1.

There is no such false balance as when man weigheth heavier than God, earth heavier than heaven, the pleasures of sin heavier than the crown of glory, a momentary contentment heavier than eternal blessedness. And justly are such balances "an abomination unto the Lord."

An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock:
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Honour.

HONOUR is sought, not for itself, but on account of things variously associated with it. To be honoured by the great affords a hope of promotion. To be honoured by the wise and good, is an evidence to men of their own merits.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies ;
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

Every professing Christian should be
Above suspicion—and

Sans peur et sans reproche—without fear and without reproach.
Mens sibi conscia recti.—*Virgil.* A mind conscious to itself of rectitude.

For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all,—all honourable men.

Honour with some is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of morality and religion.

Honours achieved, far exceed those that are created.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

The owner ought to be more honourable than his estate.

Ask the proud peer what's honour ? he displays
A purchased patent, or the herald's blaze :
Or if the royal smile his hopes have blest,
Points to the glittering glory on his breast :
Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain ;
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only, beams true radiance on the star.

"Let honour," says Pliny, "be to us as strong an obligation as necessity is to others."

From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good :

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Honour is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him Who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending man alive.

The Athenian erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal; to show that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

What is honour but the height, and flower, and top of morality, and the utmost refinement of conversation? Virtue and honour are such inseparable companions that the heathens would admit no man into the temple of honour who did not pass into it through the temple of virtue. Princes, indeed, may confer honours, or rather titles and names of honour; but they are a man's or woman's own actions which must make him or her truly honourable. And every man's life is the herald's office, from which he must derive and fetch that which must blazon him to the world; honour being but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding on himself.

"Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish."—PS. xlix. 20.

Our honours then become honours indeed to us when they are consecrated to God's honour.

"Them that honour Me I will honour."—1 SAM. ii. 30.

"He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour."—PROV. xxi. 21.

Hope.

“HOPE thou in God.”—PS. xlii. 11.

“Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.”—PROV. xiii. 12.

What is hope? Faith made glad.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.

It is best to hope only for things possible and probable; he that hopes too much shall deceive himself at last; especially if his industry does not go along with his hopes.

Hope is a pleasant companion, but an unsafe friend.

Used with due abstinence hope is a lawful tonic: intemperately indulged in, an enervating opiate.

Hope soothes the tired heart.

Hope, the balm of human life, soothes us under every misfortune.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

He that loseth hope may part with anything.

While there's life there's hope.

The miserable hath no other medicine
But only hope.

Hope! of all ills that men endure
The only cheap and universal cure!

* * * *

“Is there no hope?” the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When Alexander started for Asia he divided his possessions among his friends. Perdiccas asked what he had left for himself. “Hope,” said Alexander. “If hope is enough for Alexander,” replied the friend, “it is enough for Perdiccas also,” and declined to accept anything.

Exiles, the proverb says, exist on hope:
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that mocks approach.

Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men but thou alone!

We must have a good reason, a good foundation for our hope,
else it will prove

A mockery, a delusion, and a snare ;
yea, as baseless as

The baseless fabric of a dream—

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

The Christian has a living hope, living in death itself. The world dares say no more for its device than *Dum spiro spero*—Whilst I breathe I hope ; but the child of God can add, by virtue of this living hope, *Dum exspiro spero*—Whilst I expire I hope.

Early they rise whom Hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with whom
She goes companion of the way.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still the darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all.

When man and nature mourned their first decay,
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave,—oh, leave the light of hope behind.

If we would be in a fit posture for suffering, we must get a lively hope of eternal life. As our life is a sea, hope is compared to an anchor, which makes us steady in a storm ; as our life is a warfare, hope is compared to a helmet which covers the soul in times of danger ; as the body liveth *spirando*, by breathing, so the soul liveth *sperando*, by hoping. A man cannot drown so long as his head is above water ; hope lifts up the head, and looks up to the redemption and salvation that is to come in another world, in its fulness and perfection. Hope doth three things : it assures good things to come ; it disposes us for them ; it waits for them unto the end ; each of which will be of singular use to fit us for pious sufferings.

Why are men dull and heavy in the service of God ? Because their hopes are so. Hopeless and lifeless go together.

Hospitality.

"USE hospitality one to another without grudging."—1 PET.
iv. 9. "Given to hospitality."—ROM. xii. 13.

You are very welcome to our house !

His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.

Blest abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair.

Hospitality is the golden chain that binds society together ; the salt that gives a zest to social life. To spread the glittering board and fill the flowing bowl is but the minor part of hospitality. We must respect the prejudices of our guests ; sympathize with their sorrows ; share their pleasures ; minister to their ailments.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease.

When is courtesy
In better practice than when 'tis employed
In entertaining strangers ?

Far from table be the tell-tale guest !

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers : for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (HEB. xiii. 2), as Abraham, Lot, Manoah. Abraham and Lot entertained three angels in the appearance of men, not knowing who or what they were. "Manoah knew not that he was an angel of the Lord." By receiving strangers, out of faith in Christ and love to God, we may receive precious saints and some blessed angel sent to keep them, yea, Jesus Christ Himself, Who will hereafter acknowledge and reward such kindnesses shown to His members as done to Himself.

The Arabs have from time immemorial been famed for their hospitality to strangers.

Though wildly fierce, with passions unrepent,
They spread their food before the stranger guest ;
Heap high the board till all their stores are spent,
And bid the wanderer welcome to their tent.

A good dinner sharpens wit while it softens the heart.

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.

The cheerfulness of the guests makes the feast.

Uninvited guests sit on thorns.

Take not pleasure in much good cheer, neither be tied to the expense thereof. Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing, when thou hast nothing in thy purse.

If thou sit at a bountiful table be not greedy upon it, and say not: "There is much meat on it."

Eat as it becometh a man those things which are set before thee; and devour not, lest thou be hated.

Whoso is liberal of his meat men shall speak well of him. Wine is as good as life to a man if it be drunk moderately—it was made to make men glad. But wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind. . . . If thou be the master of a feast be among them as one of the rest; take diligent care for them.—ECCLESIASTICUS.

At nicely carving show thy wit,
But ne'er presume to eat a bit.
Turn ev'ry way thy thoughtful eye,
And ev'ry guest be sure to ply;
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.—*Swift*.

I must remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said (LUKE xiv. 13, 14)—"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Blessed are those feast-makers who make the hearts of the hungry to bless them.

The life of him that dependeth on another man's table is not to be accounted for a life; for he polluteth himself with other men's meat.

I must never give my servant occasion to say of me:

My master is of a churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine.
Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest.

Humility.

"BEFORE honour is humility."—PROV. xv. 33.

"God giveth grace to the humble."—1 PET. v. 5.

Humility, the grace of every grace.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

God has chosen as emblems of humility,—of trees, the vine, which creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the gentle, patient lamb; of all fowls, the loving, gall-less dove.

The high mountains are barren, but the low valleys are covered with corn: and accordingly the showers of God's grace fall into lowly hearts and humble souls. The more poor in spirit, the more self-empty, the more earnestly are we desirous of spiritual things; and such shall be filled.

True dignity abides with him alone,
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footsteps of humility.

St. Paul wrote of himself as—"least of all saints," "last of apostles," and "chief of sinners." "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, honour, and life."

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

The proud Roman had not even a word in his vocabulary to express humility. *Humilitas* does not; it means servility and meanness.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear it extolled. The master thinks it is good for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

The bough that bears most hangs lowest. Humility and holiness increase in equal proportions.

Humility is knowing that we are not humble, and praying to be made humble.

Some men are too ignorant to be humble, and without humility there can be no docility and no progress.

Cardinal Farnese once found Michael Angelo, when very old, in the ruins of the Coliseum. On expressing his surprise Michael Angelo replied: "I yet go to school that I may learn something."

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsmen's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness
Say this ?

It is an easy matter to extol humility in the midst of honour, or to begin a fast after dinner.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

To be humble to our superiors is duty ; to our equals, courtesy ; to our inferiors, generosity.

Pride and vain-glory are the prime elements of vain philosophy ; whereas sacred and sound philosophy is founded in humility. Ships that are heaviest laden sail lowest ; so a mind laden with sound philosophy is most humble.

It is the bending reed that escapes many a storm.

Our Lord seldom praised any one to their face except there had been given first an evidence of humility.

The holiest saints have always been the humblest. The highest piety has always been marked by the deepest humility.

Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

I must be willing to take the lowest place, and to do the humblest work, if it be appointed me. I must put away from me self-conceit and self-esteem, and not seek great things for myself. I must strive to be like David—not high-minded, and have no proud looks—and like David's Son and Lord, "meek and lowly in heart."

Hypocrisy.

HYPOCRISY is the homage vice pays to virtue.

* * * *
O what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
* * * *

Meet it is I set it down—

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
* * * *

Men should be what they seem.

Pericles, the famous Athenian statesman, who died B.C. 429, says, "A hypocrite is good in nothing but sight."

Tiberius the Roman Emperor was said to be "the prince of hypocrites."

Satan was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

Counterfeit piety can never bring in true pleasure.

What can it profit me to be called the thing I am not, to have the title of a Christian but not the heart of a Christian, to be a Christian in name but not in deed, to have the voice of Jacob but the hands of Esau; one thing in show, another in substance?

Trust not him that seems a saint.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil spirit producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

No man's condition is so base as his,
None more accurs'd than he; for man esteems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is;
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and man?

It is morally impossible for a hypocrite to keep himself long on his guard. Goldsmith well says of hypocrites—

"Their chief and constant care
Is, to seem everything but what they are."

Hypocrites are—
For close designs and crooked counsels fit.

Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him.

Thy very looks are lies ; eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thine eyes.

Religion, as it is the best armour, so it is the worst cloak.
There is a sort of instinct of rectitude which warns a pure mind
against hypocrisy.

The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the
appearance of virtue if he did not know it was the most proper
and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

Men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not.

A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Mouth of ivy, heart of holly,
Too much courtesey, too much craft.

Many kiss the hands they would fain see chopped off.

The French say : " Nothing is more like an honest man than a
rogue."

'Tis not that the hypocrite despises a good character that he
is not one himself, but because he thinks that he can purchase
it at a cheaper rate than the *practice* of it, and thus obtain all
the applause of a good man merely by pretending to be so.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

The true homage paid by vice to virtue is the genuine disgust
and abhorrence which a bad man expresses and feels for all
people's faults except his own, and sometimes just such as he is
himself guilty of. Selfish people, for instance, will often com-
ment very freely and very justly and sincerely on those faults in
their neighbours.

Hypocrisy is the counterfeit of Christian grace ; and the more
exquisite it is in imitation, it is the more plausible to men, but
the more abominable to God.

As a man loves gold, in that proportion he hates to be
imposed upon by counterfeits ; and in proportion as a man has
regard for that which is above price, and better than gold, he
abhors that hypocrisy which is but its counterfeit.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.

I must have a clean heart as well as clean hands. I must be
pure in heart, and holy in life. I must strive to make my works
as good as my words. I must be a Christian, not a hypocrite.

Idleness.

"AN idle soul shall suffer hunger."—PROV. xix. 15.

The hour of idleness is the hour of temptation.

The Turkish proverb: "A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle with a thousand." The Spanish proverb: "Men are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil."

Never be idle.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life.

The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous wrongs from needless ease.

There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness.

There is no more fertile source of crime than idleness.

By doing nothing we learn to do mischief.

No pains, no gains,
No sweat, no sweet,
No mill, no meal.

He that wad eat the kernel maun crack the nut.

Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more certain than ill temper.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

Sloth, carelessness, and neglect, put us to more trouble and pain, and create us more business than diligence. Lazy folks take the most pains.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.

Much bending breaks the bow ; much unbending, the mind.
Idleness corrupts and rusts the mind.

The idle man is more perplexed what to do, than the industrious in doing what he ought.

The Egyptians made idleness a crime, and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered under any pretence.

The Romans used to say it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Scipio banished all idle soldiers and unprofitable people from his camp.

It was not by vile loitering at ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! Complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart;
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Idleness is both a sin in itself and the cause of many more sins. Concealed energy differs little from indolence.

Idleness teacheth much evil.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry.

Who is so busy as he that has nothing to do?

How many delight in a so-called wise and masterly inactivity?

In every parish there is a place—where idlers most do congregate to rest.

Queen Mary, wife of William III., used to say that she looked upon idleness as the great corrupter of human nature. When her eyes, says Bishop Burnet, were endangered by reading too much, she found out the amusement of work; and in all these hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands, and that, sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been obliged to earn her bread by it. Her example soon wrought on not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it was become as much the fashion to work as it had been to be idle.

Unapplied talents are as useless to the owner as a miser's gold.

Nothing is more pernicious to the health of man's body than idleness, too much ease and sleep and want of exercise. . . . The devil is never idle, but is continually going about seeking to devour us. Let us resist him with our diligent watching, in labour and in well-doing.

An idle person lives under the curse of God and man, and offers himself as a prey to Satan.

Ignorance.

“THE ignorance of foolish men.”—1 PET. ii. 15.

If fools would but their ignorance discern,
They'd be no longer fools, they'd strive to learn.

St. Paul says five times—once to the Romans (i. 13); once to the Thessalonians (I. iv. 13); and three times to the Corinthians (I. x. 1; xii. 1; II. i. 8)—“We would not have you ignorant, brethren.”

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance.

“The Sophists,” says Aristotle, with severe irony, “are perhaps obliged to insist on payment beforehand, on account of the utter worthlessness of their teaching.”

The weakest reasoners are generally the most positive.

I envy none who know more than myself, but pity them that know less.

Never compare thyself with those that are below thee in what is worthy or eminent, but with those that are above thee. Compare thyself with those that are more learned or wiser than thyself, and then thou wilt see matter to keep thee humble.

The worst kind of ignorance is ignorance of ourselves. To know all things but those which most nearly concern me, and to study every man but myself, is the grossest and most dangerous ignorance in the world. He that knoweth not himself is in the house of darkness and the land of oblivion.

Of all ignorance, the ignorance of God's will is most inexcusable, because it lies so open to our view in the Holy Scriptures.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

* * * *
Deep-versed in books, but shallow in himself.

* * * *
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!

Gross ignorance produces a dogmatic spirit.

He who knows nothing thinks that he can teach others what
he has himself just been learning.

Ignorance is the cause of all irreligion—of all atheism. As owls, sinners may see in the night of this world—have some knowledge in worldly affairs; but they cannot see in the day—they are ignorant of spiritual and heavenly things, but especially of God, the chief good.

The first natural fruit of sin is ignorance.

Man was first tempted by the promise of knowledge; he fell into darkness by believing the devil holding forth to him a new light.

"I received a most useful hint," says Cecil, "from Dr. Bacon, then father of the University when I was at College. I used frequently to visit him at his living near Oxford. He would say to me, 'What are you doing? What are your studies? When I was young I could turn any piece of Hebrew into Greek verse with ease. But when I came into this parish, and had to teach ignorant people, I was wholly at a loss; I had no furniture. They thought me a great man, but that was their ignorance, for I knew as little as they did of what it was most important for them to know. Study chiefly what you can turn to good account in your future life.'"

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance in not prying into God's ark, not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need and all that I may; I leave God's secrets to Himself.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more! where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Some men will not understand their duty, lest that may draw upon them an obligation to do it; nor will they see their error, because they have no mind to forsake it: "They will not be learned nor understand."

What I ought to do, I ought to know.

An ignorant Christian will be sure to run into the snares of the devil through being ignorant of his devices.

Indolence.

NOTHING is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind.

I must never be

Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.

Indolence is often taken for patience.

Indolence and ease are the rust of the mind.

Idleness predominates in many lives where it is not suspected ; for being a vice which is chiefly personal, it is not watched like fraud ; it is a silent quality which does not raise envy by ostentation, nor hatred by opposition, and therefore often remains incurable.

The idler is a watch that wants both hands ;
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

One of the amusements of idleness is reading without the fatigue of close attention.

Idleness dictates expedients by which life may be passed unprofitably without the tediousness of many vacant hours.

The foot at rest meets nothing.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Sloth is the beginning of vice.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry makes all things easy ; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.

Sloth is the torpidity of the mental faculties.

A Christian should never say :

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour ?

People who have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour.

Occupation is the armour of the soul.

To be idle and unemployed, is a sign not only of a weak head, but of a bad heart.

Scipio Africanus used to say, that he was never less idle than when he was entirely at leisure; nor less alone than when he was wholly by himself.

Milton wrote on Hobson, the University carrier between Cambridge and London :

“Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.”

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.

His labour only is to kill the time,
And labour dire it is and weary woe.

If a man indulges habits of bodily indolence, the natural powers of the constitution are impaired; and exertion becomes, every year he lives, more and more irksome. This wretched condition is, however, so painful in itself, so injurious to worldly interests, and so disgraceful, that it is but a few individuals who suffer themselves to sink into it. But the indolence of the mind is less apparent than the indolence of the body; and those who are most subject to it may scarcely themselves be aware of their real condition.

A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

“If you ask me,” says Zimmerman, “which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say, indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.”

Sluggish idleness—the nurse of sin.

Idleness is a constant sin; the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings.

If the mind is not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

Industry.

CICERO remarks that an industrious perseverance can surmount almost all things.

We may judge of the extraordinary efforts of Demosthenes to acquire excellence of every kind, from the pains he took in copying Thucydides's history eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away as soon as it burneth clear) oft-times getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sitteth down by the same; and thus persons, industriously occupying themselves, thrive better on a little of their own honest getting, than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

Plato says "that labour is as preferable to idleness as brightness is to rust."

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. Where success seems attainable diligence is enforced.

We must be diligent in our particular calling, in that province and station which God has appointed us, whatever it be.

The bread earned by the sweat of our face is thrice blessed, and it is far sweeter than the tasteless loaf of idleness.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to.

The will to do, the soul to dare.

"Excellence," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it."

God has so made the mind of man that a peculiar deliciousness resides in the fruits of personal industry.

Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve—industry or idleness!

To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth.

St. Pierre copied his 'Paul and Virginia' nine times that he might render it the more perfect. On comparing the first and

latest editions of 'Thomson's Seasons,' there will be found scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of taste and industry. Burns composed in the open air, the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting. Goldsmith considered four lines a day's good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the 'Deserted Village.' After eleven years' labour Virgil regarded his 'Æneid' as still imperfect. Pascal often gave twenty days to the composition of a single letter, and some of these letters he re-wrote seven or eight times. The result is that they are reckoned among the best specimens of the grace and flexibility of the French tongue. Newton wrote his chronology fifteen times over before he was satisfied with it; and Gibbon wrote out his 'Memoirs' nine times.

When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

From the cultivation of the earth a second paradise of beauty and sweets springs up to our delighted view; from exertion and industry our most valuable comforts arise, and the endeavours we use in the attainment of any earthly good stamp a double value on its possession, and give a keener relish in its enjoyment.

Industry on our part is not superseded by the greatness and freeness of Divine grace; as when a schoolmaster teaches a boy gratis, the youth cannot attain his learning without some application of his own; and yet it doth not therefore cease to be free on the teacher's part, because attention is needful in the learner.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Work at it, if necessary, early and late, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can just as well be done now. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning—"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Infidelity.

THE infidel's faith : That which I cannot see or understand does not exist.

None deny that there is a God but those for whom it maketh that there were no God.

Atheist ! use thine eyes,
And, having view'd the order of the skies,
Think, if thou canst, how matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a guide, could form this wondrous world.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.

An atheist, if you take his word for it, is a very despicable mortal. Let us describe him by his tenet, and copy him a little by his original. He is, then, no better than a heap of organized dust, a stalking machine, a speaking head, without a soul in it. His thoughts are bound by the laws of motion, his actions are all prescribed. He has no more liberty than the current of a stream or the blast of a tempest; and where there is no choice there can be no merit.

By night, an atheist half believes a God.

No atheist, as such, can be a true friend, an affectionate relation, or a loyal subject.

These are they
That strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heaven's Eternal King,
Set up the phantom chance.

Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body, and coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature.

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites ;—
Pretend the worst, and at the bottom fail :
When visited by thought (thought will intrude),
Like him they serve, they tremble and believe.

Infidels are poor, sad creatures; they carry about them a load of dejection, not the less heavy that it is invisible: it is the fearful blindness of the soul.

Infidels give nothing in return for what they take away. If

we inquire into the rise of infidelity, we shall find it does not take its rise from the result of sober inquiry, close investigation, or full conviction; but it is rather the production of a careless and irreligious life, operating together with prejudices and erroneous conceptions concerning the nature of the leading doctrines of Christianity. It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom—that infidelity is, in general, a disease of the heart more than of the understanding; for we always find that infidelity increases in proportion as the general morals decline.

When infidelity can once persuade men that they shall *die like beasts*, they will soon be brought to *live like beasts* also.

It often happens that men who arraign religion have often been arraigned by it.

He who can imagine the universe to be a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or self-created, is not a subject for argument, provided he has the power of thinking or the faculty of seeing. He who sees no design cannot claim the character of a philosopher, for philosophy connects means and ends.

Infidelity, where it arises in one case from men's believing Christianity to be false, arises in ten cases from their wishing it to be so.

A young man stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principles of infidelity; but, he added, there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father.

Where is the infidel who has exiled himself from his country to civilize savage tribes?

Wilmot, an infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hand on the Bible, and exclaimed solemnly and with unwonted energy: "The only objection against this book is a bad life."

Paine exclaimed in remorse and terror before he died: "I would give worlds if I had them, that the 'Age of Reason' had never been published."

Collins was asked, "Why do you send your servants to church?" "To prevent their robbing or murdering me."

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,

Deep licens'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now

Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough

To that blest harbour which I left before.

Influence.

No one can say, I have no influence. We all can recall cases where we have influenced others.

In seeking influence over others, I have much need to pray for deep humility, lest my influence, even for good, be mixed with ambition in the seeking, and with pride in the possession.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Calvin is dead, but his vindication of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Baxter is dead, but souls are still quickened by the 'Saint's Rest,' and the 'Call to the Unconverted.' Cowper is dead, but the golden apples are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the silver basket of the 'Olney Hymns.' Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is greatly extending its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sunday School goes on. Wilberforce is dead, but the slave will find for ages a protector in his memory.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Almost every individual, however inferior in talent, or obscure his station in life may be, has a certain portion of influence in the circle of which he may form a part, if it be but the influence of example. Poverty may have placed him among the most destitute of his fellow-creatures, and disease or accident may have rendered him one of the most helpless; still even under such circumstances, he may have it in his power to glorify God by his patience, his meekness, his cheerful resignation, and by showing his confidence in the divine promises of support and comfort to all who seek it through the Redeemer.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent, "Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" It could not be. That man's influence survives him; it still lives, is still working on.

Voltaire when five years old committed to memory an infidel poem; its evil influence upon him was never lost.

Religion hath so great an influence upon the felicity of man, that it ought to be upheld, not only out of dread of divine vengeance in another world, but out of regard to temporal prosperity.

Do you say your influence is confined to a narrow sphere. Yon little taper is not a sun; yet observe how bright it shines, how far it spreads its rays in the dark night! Hide not then your light, whatever it be, under a bushel; nor keep your talent, because it is a single one, wrapped up in a napkin. If you adorn the gospel by a holy conversation, you will give light to some who sit in darkness, and prove a blessing to your relations, friends, and neighbours. You will be living epistles, known and read of all men.

Our home influence is not a passing, but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Which member of the family group can say, "I have no influence?" What sorrow or what happiness lies in the power of each!

What a blessing was Abraham's piety to his posterity! And the inheritance of this is expressly assured to all the followers of the faith of Abraham; so that we see a similar blessing in the families of all who truly receive the Gospel. The strength of vital godliness in every country is in those who were the children of pious parents, and the hope of the age to come is in their descendants. They, too, are made the vessels of mercy to bear mercy to others; and thus Gospel blessedness spreads through all those around them.

The action we have forgotten may yet influence his life who witnessed it, and the words which have passed from the memory of the speaker may dwell not unfruitfully for years in the mind of the hearer.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are, and ought to be accountable,
If not to Thee, to those they influence.

* * * *

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend!

Ingratitude.

HE that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.

All should unite to punish the ungrateful :
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

He that's ungrateful, has no fault but one ;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

Themistocles speaks of ingratitude as the sin of upstarts and the vice of cowards.

As the world is unjust in its judgments, so it is ungrateful in its requitals.

The mind of an ungrateful person is unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself.

Filial ingratitude !

Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand,
For lifting food to it ?

"As there are no laws extant against ingratitude, so it is utterly impossible," says Seneca, "to contrive any that in all circumstances punishment should reach it. If it were actionable, there would not be courts enough in the whole world to try the causes in."

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud. Ingratitude overlooks all kindness, because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, too proud to regard it, much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing; they feed nobody; they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that no man was ever found who would own himself guilty of it.

Ingratitude is an insensibility of kindnesses received, without any endeavour either to acknowledge or repay them.

Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed.

We find few persons ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to serve them.

"They shall be prosecuted for ingratitude who do not retaliate kindnesses"—an Athenian law.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

The mind which does not feel grateful is not as it ought to be. When St. Paul says of the heathen, "Neither were thankful," he seems to stamp the sin of ingratitude as peculiarly odious.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.

If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man. The noblest sentiment of your heart is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of men's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor deserves the warm returns of gratitude, love, and praise. If a man wants this virtue when there is infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared with those he daily receives from his never-failing Almighty friend.

Cicero once defended Popilius Lenas with great eloquence on a capital charge, and sent him home in safety. But this same Lenas of his own accord pursued and overtook the proscribed Cicero. The soldiers cut off his head and hands, and with that burden Lenas returned from Cajeta to Rome. Coming in sight of the Forum he held up his spoils before the Triumvir, and forthwith received the honour of a crown and a large sum of money. It never came into his thoughts that he carried in his arms that head which had successfully pleaded for the safety of his own.

Jesus Christ.

JESUS CHRIST is the Son of God, of one substance with the Father, perfect God and perfect man; equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, and inferior to the Father as touching His manhood. He is God manifest in the flesh. He truly suffered, was crucified, dead, and buried, to reconcile His Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for all actual sins of men. He was made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted, from which He was clearly void both in His flesh and in His spirit.

Jesus is His name as God; Christ is His name as man. Jesus is His Jewish name; Christ is His Gentile name.

This name Jesus is honey in the mouth, harmony in the ear, melody in the heart.

From Christ we are called Christians. He hath given us His own name, cleansed us with His own blood, clothed us with His own righteousness, and is sanctifying us with His own Spirit.

Christ is my Prophet; I must receive His doctrine. He is my Priest; I must rely on His sacrifice. He is my King; I must constantly obey Him.

Christ is the Teacher, His Church is the school; those who learn are Christians; that which is learned is religion.

Christ is a fountain to cleanse me, a garment to clothe me, a physician to heal me, and bread to nourish me.

Christ sorrowed for me, Who had nothing for Himself to sorrow.

Christ died for my salvation, I must therefore live to His glory.

If Christ be in my heart the world will be under my feet.

What without Thee can I be?

What without Thee can I do?

Adam ate the forbidden fruit, Christ paid the penalty.

Christ suffered *for* sinners and *with* sinners.

That which the sinner deserved the innocent suffered.

His works are our merits.

Here we follow Christ in a state of grace, hereafter we shall reign with Him in the state of glory.

To win Christ is the greatest gain; to know Christ the sublimest knowledge; and to live upon Christ the happiest life below.

At every cost of property and ease Christ must be proved the Lord of our souls, or we have no sufficient evidence that we believe on Him.

Christ is the sum of the law and of the gospel: the law teaching us what to do, the gospel what to believe.

If any be Christless they must be comfortless. Jesus Christ saves His people, not *in* their sins, but *from* their sins.

His compassion inclines Him, His power enables Him, His promise binds Him to save sinners—all believing sinners.

Christ is "God manifest." He is the *Word*, God *heard*; the *Light*, God *seen*; the *Life*, God *felt*.

We can do nothing without Christ; but He can do all things without us.

"I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist."

Christ's example was of the most perfect piety to God, and of the most extensive benevolence and tender compassion to men.

In Him no inconsistency of practice neutralized the consistency of His doctrine. The one was as perfect as the other was pure.

Christ's blood on the head is the greatest curse; Christ's blood on the heart is the richest blessing.

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The second advent of Christ is the great hope of the Church.

Justification.

"JUSTIFIED freely by His grace."—ROM. iii. 24.

"Justified by faith."—ROM. iii. 28.

"Justified by His blood."—ROM. v. 9.

Justification and sanctification are both essential to our salvation; both are sovereign favours; both come to us through the redemption that is in Christ; in both the Holy Spirit applies the work of Christ; both are designed to honour the law, the government and grace of God; both are enjoyed by all believers, and by believers only.

Justification changes our state in law before God as a Judge; sanctification changes our heart and life before Him as our Father.

Justification is an act done at once, admitting of no degrees; sanctification is a process which is gradual.

Justification is complete as soon as we believe; sanctification then at once commences.

Justification is the acceptance of our persons into God's favour; sanctification is the renewal of our hearts into God's image.

The righteousness of Christ imparted is the ground of our justification; the grace of God implanted is the matter of our sanctification.

Justification removes the guilt of sin; sanctification subdues its power.

Justification delivers us from God's displeasure; sanctification conforms us to His image.

Justification is our title to heaven; sanctification our meetness.

Justification is complete on earth; sanctification in heaven.

Justification is death to sin once; sanctification is death from sin continually: the one sets free from the punishment, the other from the pollution of sin; the one is the way from hell, the other is the way to heaven.

Justification changes our state; sanctification our nature.

In justification there is no difference among believers; in sanctification there are varieties of stages.

Justification is as the root, sanctification as the fruit.

Justification may therefore be known by sanctification.

There is a threefold righteousness for believers; there is a justifying righteousness which is perfect, but not inherent; there

is a sanctifying righteousness which is inherent, but not perfect; and there will be a glorifying righteousness in the world to come, which is both perfect and inherent.

Faith doth justify; justification washeth away sin; sin removed, we are clothed with the righteousness which is of God; the righteousness of God maketh us most holy.

Justification consists of these two parts—remission and acceptance. Remission of sins takes away our liableness to death; acceptation of our persons gives us a title unto life. Now, to be free from our obnoxiousness to death, and instated in a right to eternal life, these two constitute a perfect justification. For, to be accepted of God in Christ, is no other than for God, through the righteousness and obedience of Christ, imputed to us, to own and acknowledge us to have a right to heaven.

Herein lies the great error of the Papists in the doctrine of justification, that they will not understand it as a law phrase, and a relative transaction in the discharge of a sinner; but still take it for a real change of a man's nature by implanting in him inherent principles of holiness.

Though we distinguish between justification and sanctification yet we do not separate and divide them, as they always go together in the same person, like unto light and heat in the sun.

By justifying understand none other thing than to be reconciled to God, to be restored to His favour, and to have thy sins forgiven thee.

Our faith in Christ, as it were, saith unto us thus: "It is not I that take away your sins, but it is Christ only; and to Him only I send you, forsaking therein all your good virtues, words, thoughts, and works, and only putting your trust in Christ."

We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works or deservings; wherefore that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort (11th Article).

Knowledge.

“Wise men lay up knowledge.”—PROV. x. 14.

“The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright.”—PROV. xv. 2.

The knowledge of a wise man shall abound like a flood; and his counsel is like a pure fountain of life.

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place
Does but encumber, when it seems t'enrich.

Other things may be seized on by might, or purchased by money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study.

The great secret of being successful and accurate as a student, next to perseverance, is the constant habit of reviewing.

He that comes to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure shall be sure to find enough for his humour, but nothing for his instruction.

Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

For a man to be proud of his learning is the greatest ignorance.

The more men know, the less they think of themselves.

Profess not the knowledge thou hast not.

Try to know something about everything, and everything about something.

The knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

It hurts a man's pride to say, I do not know.

“Knowledge without justice,” says Plato, “ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.”

Aristotle's favourite division of knowledge—into things relatively and things absolutely known.

Dr. Johnson: “While knowledge is a distinction, those who are possessed of it will naturally rise above those who are not. Merely to read and write was a distinction at first, but we see now reading and writing have become general, the common

people keep their stations ; and so, were the highest attainments to become general, the effect would be the same."

That is indeed a twofold knowledge which profits alike by the folly of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise.

The profoundly wise do not declaim against superficial knowledge in others so much as the profoundly ignorant ; on the contrary, they would rather assist it with their advice than overwhelm it with their contempt ; for they know that there was a period when even a Bacon or a Newton was superficial, and that he who has a little knowledge is far more likely to *get more* than he that has none.

Knowledge is power.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world.

Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.

There is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted ; and the bee knows how to extract it.

The master-piece of knowledge is to know

But what is good, from what is good in show.

Seldom was any knowledge given to keep, but to impart ; the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.

Man, know thyself ! all wisdom centres there.

Knowledge when wisdom is too weak to guide her,

Is like a head-strong horse that throws the rider.

Head-knowledge is our own, and can polish only the outside ; heart-knowledge is the Spirit's work, and makes all glorious within.

Sanctified knowledge of God in Christ is the first step in the life of faith, and is the foundation of every Christian grace.

Great spiritual knowledge is not essential to salvation. Salvation is not promised to the learned, but to the believing.

Law.

OF Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very beast, as feeling her care, and the greatest, as not exempt from her power: both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in a different sort and manner, yet all with one consent admiring her as the mother of peace and joy.

Law—the perfection of reason.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

If we had a complete digest of Hindu and Mahometan laws, after the model of Justinian's celebrated Pandecta, we should rarely be at a loss for principles and rules of law applicable to the cases before us.

The great work of which Justinian has the credit, although it comprehends the whole system of jurisprudence, was finished, we are told, in three years.

Tacitus says: "When the state is most corrupt, then are the laws most multiplied."

Who then is good? Who carefully observes

The Senate's wise decrees, nor ever swerves

From the known rules of justice and the laws.—*Horace.*

Custom is held to be as a law—where customs have prevailed from time immemorial they have obtained the force of laws.

Agree, for the law is costly.

Lord Mansfield declared that if any man claimed a field from him he would give it up, provided the concession were kept secret, rather than engage in proceedings at law. Hesiod, in admonishing his brother always to prefer a friendly accommodation, gave to the world the paradoxical proverb, "The half is more than the whole."

The Italian proverb is, "Lawyers' garments are lined with suitors' obstinacy;" and the French, "Their houses are built of fools' heads."

Doctors and lawyers are notoriously shy of taking what they prescribe for others. "No good lawyer ever goes to law," say the Italians. Lord Chancellor Thurlow did so once. A house had been built for him by contract, but he had made himself liable for more than the stipulated price by ordering some

departures from the specification whilst the work was in progress. He refused to pay the additional charge ; the builder brought an action, and got a verdict against him, and Thurlow never afterward set foot within the house which was the monument of his wrong-headedness and its chastisement.

Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are ;
And rather put up injuries than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.

Lord Bacon wrote : " I wish every man knew as much law as would enable him to keep himself out of it."

One of the Seven was wont to say : " That laws were like cobwebs ; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through."

The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

Once (says an author ; where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
Both fierce, both hungry ; the dispute grew strong,
While scale in hand dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explained the matter and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
" There, take," says Justice, " take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu ! "

Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.

" Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

" Render to all their dues."

" Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake—for so is the will of God."

Life.

CHRIST's life was a life of light, of energy, of righteousness, of love : such should be the life of every professing Christian.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

As length of life is denied us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived.

He lives long that lives well ; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost.

Plato says : " We should not set the highest value on mere existence, but on living well—to some useful purpose."

The happy man lives well and does well—happiness is a kind of well-living and well-doing.

Nor has he spent his life badly, who has passed it from his birth to his burial in obscurity.

That man may last but never lives,
Who all receives and nothing gives.
[Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

" He that cannot live well to-day," says Martial, " will be less qualified to live well to-morrow."

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

Goethe said : " Life itself is the end of life."

The Stoics said : " The end for man is to live according to nature."

Life has been defined by the Greek philosophers as multitude in unity. It is the law of the *perds* in the *apeiron*.

O Life ! to misery how dear !
To bliss how short dost thou appear !

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them.

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village ;
if you would know, and not be known, live in a city.

Lord Byron said to Dr. Millengen, who attended him in his last illness: "Do you suppose that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart. Why should I regret it? Can it afford me any pleasure? Have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did; I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Pleasure I have known under every form. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion; I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life; it is time to throw the dregs away."

Goethe, whose long life was one long success, said: "They have called me a child of fortune, nor have I any wish to complain of the course of my life. Yet it has been nothing but labour and sorrow, and I may truly say that in seventy-five years I have not had more than four weeks of true comfort. It was the constant rolling of a stone, that was always to be lifted anew."

A holy life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

In the evening of a laborious life she said: "I married for ambition. My husband (C——e) has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable."

I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

A good life hath but few days; but a good name endureth for ever.

"What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?"

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

"Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it."
—Ps. xxxiv. 12—14.

Love.

THE price of love is love.

All other debts may compensation find,
But love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

The test of love is longing for a person in his absence.

'Tis an old tale, and often told.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

Aristotle says, "The pleasure of the eye is the prelude of love."

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

Unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.

Senates have been bought with gold ;
Esteem and love are never to be sold.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove.

Love is a beautiful flower, but this flower must grow in the garden of a pure conscience.

Can I believe his love will lasting prove,
Who has no rev'rence for the God I love ?

* * * *

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words tho' ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Deeds are love, and not sweet words.

She is my own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Though you may check nature by matter of force,
She will take her own way as a matter of course.

Is it true that

Love does much, but money does everything ?

or that

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent?

He who has no one to love or confide in has little to hope.
He wants the radical principle of happiness.

Love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.

'Tis better to have lov'd and lost
Than never to have lov'd at all.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues :
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—cinders, ashes, dust.

Who never lov'd ne'er suffer'd ; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone.
Oh ! they love least that let men know their love.

She never told her love ;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight ?
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Love is a cheerful passion. If a man be slow it will make
him quick ; if careless, diligent ; if covetous, liberal ; if silent,
it will make him speak.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

Love covers a multitude of faults. When a scar cannot be
taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so
blind as when it is to spy faults.

Lying.

“LYING lips are abomination to the Lord.”—PROV. xii. 22.

“A righteous man hateth lying.”—PROV. xiii. 5.

“A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it.”—PROV. xxvi. 28.

Lying is a vice so very infamous that the greatest liars cannot bear it in any other men.

How the world is given to lying !

Dishonour waits on perfidy. A man
Should blush to *think* a falsehood : 'tis the crime
Of cowards.

There is no vice that does so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious.

Falsehood and fraud grow up in every soil,
The product of all climes.

A lie is a foul blot in a man. The disposition of a liar is dishonourable, and his shame is ever with him.

Achilles, the hero of the Iliad, is introduced by Homer as saying these memorable words : “ I detest as the gates of hell itself the wretch who has the baseness to mean one thing and say another.”

Apollonius, a heathen philosopher, used to say that the wretch who has been mean enough to be guilty of a lie, has forfeited every claim to the character of a gentleman, and degraded himself to the rank of a slave.

A liar past all shame, so past all truth.

Mosëilma was called The Liar. He wrote a letter to Mahomet, which began thus : “ From Mosëilma, prophet of Allah, to Mahomet, prophet of Allah,” and received an answer beginning thus : “ From Mahomet, the prophet of Allah, to Mosëilma the Liar.”

* * * *
Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.—*Pope*.

How base are they

Who keep the word of promise to the ear, but break
it to the hope !

Equivocation will undo us !

And of all lies (be that the poet's boast),
The lie that flatters I abhor the most.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

A little truth makes the whole lie pass.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly.

Almost every other vice may be kept in countenance by applause and association ; and even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang ; but the liar, and only the liar, is universally despised, abandoned, and disowned. He can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues ; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without a friend, and without an apologist.

None but cowards lie.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it.

One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for most likely he will be forced to tell twenty more to maintain that one.

We have reason to suspect the truth of that which is backed with rash oaths and imprecations. None but the devil's sayings need the devil's proofs. He that will not be restrained by the third commandment from mocking his God, will not be kept by the ninth from deceiving his brother.

The disgraceful vice of lying affords this truthful testimony—that the liar first despises God, and then fears men. Can we imagine anything more vile than to be cowardly before men and brave against God ? A liar faces God, and shrinks from man.

Thou canst not better reward a liar than in not believing what he speaketh.

"Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world," said Epictetus.

Aristotle, when asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, replied : "Not to be credited when he tells the truth."

"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips."—Ps. cxx. 2.

Man.

"God created man in His own image."—GEN. i. 27.

"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."—GEN. ii. 7.

Homo, man—said to be a corruption of OMO; the two O's represent the two eyes, and the M the rest of the human face. Dante says the gaunt face of a starved man represents the letter M.

Who reads the name
For man upon his forehead, there the M
Had traced most plainly.

The two downstrokes represent the contour, and the V of the letter represents the nose. Hence the human face is $\left| \begin{smallmatrix} \circ & V & \circ \end{smallmatrix} \right|$

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock, and bringing him into the school said: "Here is Plato's man!"

"Man is an animal that cooks his victuals," said Edmund Burke.

Man: a breathing miracle; a thinking being.

The production of man was the finishing-stroke to creation—the Creator's special thought, the final end of the sixth day's work. Man was then brought into being to behold His glory, who formed our nature expressly in correspondence with Himself: in the image of God created He him.

Man is the image of the whole Deity. There is in him a sanctuary for the Father and for the Holy Ghost. "We will make our abode with him."

The wise man walks with God:
Surveys, far on, the endless line of life;
Values his soul, thinks of eternity,
Both worlds considers, and provides for both.

Remember, that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.

"There is this difference between a wise man and a fool,"

says Epicurus; "the wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the mean time enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on to the future."

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doom'd to an obscure and tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate the choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.

"The greatest man," says Seneca, "is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering."

A great man is affable in his converse, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon; and as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world frowns upon him; in short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample upon a worm or sneak to an emperor.

The man whom I
Consider as deserving of the name,
Is one whose thoughts and actions are for others,
Not for himself alone.

Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature, and even grudges himself the laugh into which he is sometimes betrayed.

What a man is in private duties, that he is in the sight of God, and no more.

God dwells in a good man, and a good man has also his dwelling in God. The good man follows the will and conforms to the law of God.

David's Lord says to every Christian man what David said to his son Solomon, "Show thyself a man."

Mercy.

“BLESSED are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.”—
MATT. v. 7.

If I would have God merciful to myself, how can I be cruel to my neighbour?

It was said by one of Cæsar’s clemency, “They know not thy clemency, O Cæsar, who will not come unto thee!”

Trajan used to say, that it was better a thousand criminals should escape than one innocent person suffer; yet he was rigorous towards himself. On presenting a sword to the captain of the guard, on his appointment to that office, he used these memorable words: “Employ this sword for me, but turn it against me if I deserve it.”

Napoleon I. waded to his throne through blood, and
Shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

When the pillar was erected to his honour in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, some one wrote upon it to this effect—
“Tyrant! if the blood which thou hast shed were inclosed within this square, thou mightest drink of it without stooping from thy lofty pillar.”

Sweet mercy is nobility’s true badge.

Say pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet:

No word like pardon for king’s mouths so meet.

* * * *

Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?

God’s mercy is a holy mercy, which knows how to pardon sin, not to protect it; it is a sanctuary to the penitent, not for the presumptuous.

Mercy is like a rainbow: we must never look for it after sunset. It shines not in the other world. If we refuse mercy here we must have justice to eternity.

Two persons being very much at variance referred their quarrel to a clergyman. Each accused the other, and both declared themselves to be without blame. The clergyman heard them patiently, and then said, “My judgment is this, let the innocent forgive the guilty.”

This age aboundeth with mouth mercy.

He that’s merciful unto the bad is cruel to the good.

The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute of God Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the court of justice none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Who will not mercy unto others show,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
 Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And he that might the vantage best have took
 Found out the remedy.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

William Pitt on his death-bed said to the Bishop of Lincoln :
 "I have, like many other men, neglected prayer too much to
 have any ground of hope that it can be efficacious on a death-
 bed. But I throw myself on the mercy of God, through the
 merits of Christ."

Lord Byron, a short time before death, said ; " Shall I sue for
 mercy ? " After a long pause he added, " Come, come, no weak-
 ness ; let's be a man to the last."

The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy ;
 And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
 Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

* * * *

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

This must be my daily prayer :

" God be merciful to me a sinner ! "

Mind.

"THOU shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy mind.
—**MATT. xxii. 37.**

The moment we begin to doubt about the existence of mind,
the very act of doubting proves it.

The tongue and pen are both interpreters of the mind.

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind
By truth illumined and by taste refined?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The blessing of an active mind, when it is in good condition,
is, that it not only employs itself, but is almost sure to be the
means of giving wholesome employment to others.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Aristotle says that goods of the mind are highest, and that
the chief good for man is—a rightly harmonized consciousness
in adequate external conditions.

Our minds are here and there—below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so quickly move.

Right dear to me, as well may be,
That clear and even mind;
So temperate in prosperity,
In sorrow firm and kind.

Bacon said: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a
man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon
the poles of truth."

The gentle mind is like the smooth stream which reflects
every object in its fairest colours. A sword hurts the body, and
speech the mind.

For the hurt eye an instant cure you find:
Then why neglect for years the sickening mind?

Every man boasts well of his heart, but no one dares to speak
well of his head.

The eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing.
Need develops the mind.

Horace says:

"'Tis in the mind alone our follies lie,
The mind that never from itself can fly."

"When his heart (Nebuchadnezzar's) was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him."—DAN. v. 20.

'Tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

We in vain summon the mind to intense application, when the body is in a languid state.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.
Be continually among men of understanding.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the stature of the man.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return the better to thinking.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Refined minds enjoy to the full—sweetness and light.

Feared, but alone as freemen fear;
Loved, but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By nature's first great title, mind.

* * * *

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Money.

"If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up . . . yea, the Almighty shall be thy gold [marginal reading], and thou shalt have plenty of silver."—JOB xxii. 23, 25.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."—HAGGAI ii. 8.

"*Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat,*" says Horace—
"Sovereign money gives both birth and beauty."

Gold, gold, the sovereign queen of all below,
Friends, honour, birth, and beauty can bestow.

In the time of Horace, B.C. 65 to B.C. 8, money could fetch as much as 5 per cent. per month.

This advice we find in Horace :

*Rem facias, rem ;
Si possis, recte ; si non, quocunque modo rem.*

It has been well translated by Pope :

Get wealth and power, if possible with grace ;
If not—by any means get wealth and place.

Goldsmith in his 'Traveller' says :

The much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts.

Gold finds friends, opens all gates—except the gate of heaven.
Gold buys and sells all things, all men.

Horace says : "Money is always either our master or our slave."
Nothing is more eloquent than ready money.

Powerful, all-persuading gold !

Gold is the only power that receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

God of the world and worldlings,
Great Mammon's greatest god below the sky.

Gold is the standard of goodness—we say, as good as gold
Gold is the picklock that never fails.

O, 'tis a sweet companion, kind and true :
A man may trust it when his father cheats him ;
Brother or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
That which makes all men false is true itself !

All love has something of blindness in it, but the love of money especially.

Gold hath been the ruin of many.

See what money can do : that can change
Men's manners ; alter their conditions !
O, thou powerful metal ! what authority
Is in thee ! Thou art the key of all men's mouths.

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course ;
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break.

Gold and silver make the foot stand sure.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told.

I must not say :

Why nothing comes amiss so money comes withal.

This I must remember : Mammon has enriched his thousands,
and has damned his ten thousands.

The rich are wise :

He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears :
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world ;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine ;
A mask of gold hides all deformities.

Let me ask myself, What is the dust of the earth to the fruits
of the Spirit ? It may be that if I had more gold I might have
less grace. Shall I suffer my soul to perish for that which
perisheth—"gold which perisheth" ?

Gold thou may'st safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

There is no value in money equal to that of using it to glorify
Christ in promoting the holiness and the happiness of man. I
must not put my trust in money, but put my money in trust.

Virgil speaks of *auri sacra fames*—the accursed thirst for gold ;
and Propertius, the friend of Virgil, says : "*Aurum omnes, victa
pietate, colunt*,"—"all men now worship gold, other reverence
being done away."

St. Paul warns us that "the love of money is the root of all
evil." I must love God, not gold—then I shall live for ever. If
I love gold, and not God, then I shall perish for ever.

Murmuring.

"Do all things without murmuring."—PHIL. ii. 14.

"Neither murmur ye."—1 COR. x. 10.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thoughtful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

* * * *

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not even seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

I may mourn, but I must not murmur.

I must have patience to endure the load.

God's will must be done *by* us, and then we may cheerfully consent that it may be done *in* us. God will do no evil to those who truly serve him.

Our very eyes are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes us wretched.

We should ask ourselves more frequently what we *have*, rather than brood so ungratefully upon what we have *not*. Though we may be poor and afflicted in comparison with some, in contrast with others we are opulent and blest.

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th'Allwise Disposer to arraign.

When afflicted, love can allow thee to groan, but not to grumble.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

But many a one has said :

Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away !

Let us murmur at nothing : if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful ; if remediless, it is vain.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Sometimes the tongue cuts off the head.

I'll not complain ;

Children and cowards rail at their misfortunes.

The murmurer cannot be silent : he will complain to any man, to anything. He loathes the meat which should feed him, and the physic which should cure him. He quarrels with the wisdom and questions the providence of God. The language of the murmurer is, "Why hast Thou made me thus ?" He that will be nothing but what he may please, is his own idol, and so is "nothing in the world."

Christ is never more "wounded in the house of His friends" than when they murmur.

Murmuring is a mercy-embittering sin. As the sweetest things put into a sour vessel sours them, or put into a bitter vessel embitters them ; so murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands. The murmurer writes "Marah," that is, "bitterness," upon all his mercies, and he reads and tastes bitterness in them all. As "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet," so to the murmuring soul every sweet thing is bitter.

It is calculated that not less than one million of the children of Israel died in the wilderness by God's judgments for their murmurings—and this in only 40 years !

God gives its counterpoise to every ill,
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.

Whatever God commands I must do willingly and heartily. I must take heed that I never quarrel with the appointments of God, and I must never murmur at the station in which He has placed me.

Music.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils :
Let no such man be trusted.

Guido Aretino, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo in Tuscany, is said to have invented the first six musical notes, and represented them on horizontal lines—A.D. 1025.

Ut queant laxis *Re* sonare febris
Mi ra gestorum *Fa* muli tuorum
Sol ve polluti *La* bii reatum.

These words are the first verse of the hymn always sung in procession on the eve of St. John the Baptist. Guido was struck by the sonority of the first syllables of each line of the above verse—hence the names of the notes. The additional note *Si* was introduced by Le Maire, a singing-master of Paris, about 1660, and the Italians for the greater sweetness changed the name of the first note *Ut* into *Do*. The names of the notes now used were settled in 1338.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?

Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !

Music gives rest to the weary, for when listening to music a busy man would be content to sit still and do nothing.

The cause why music was ordained ?

Was it not to refresh the mind of man

After his studies or his usual pain ?

Hinder not music. Pour not out words where there is a musician.

Music !—Oh, how faint, how weak,

Language fades before thy spell !

Why should feeling ever speak,

When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?

Friendship balmy words may feign—

Love's are e'en more false than they ;

Oh ! 'tis only music's strain

Can sweetly soothe and not betray !

Haydn, when his strength was sensibly diminishing, caused himself to be carried to his pianoforte, and sang as loud as he was able. While at the instrument he fell into a state of insensibility, and soon expired. He seemed to say—

Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight.

Pythagoras, about 555 B.C., maintained that the motions of the twelve spheres must produce delightful sounds, inaudible to mortal ears, which he called "The Music of the Spheres."

St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, suffered martyrdom at Rome in the reign of Alexander Severus, about A.D. 230. She is said to have enticed an angel from the celestial regions by her melody. Her festival (Nov. 22) is celebrated in the Romish Church with grand musical performances.

"Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ" (GEN. iv. 21), about 3875 B.C. The flute and harmony are said to have been invented by Hyagnis, 1506 B.C. The natural key of the harp is C♭=C flat. The organ is said to have been invented by Archimedes, about 220 B.C. The organ was brought to Europe from the Greek empire, and applied to religious devotions in churches about A.D. 657.

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music:
The reason is your spirits are attentive.

Music is the only gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.

How sour sweet music,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's minds.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul: it is one of the most magnificent and delightful gifts God has given us.

In notes

Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Music is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind. . Next to divinity no art is comparable to music.

To the element of air God has given the power of producing sounds; to the ear the capacity of receiving them; and to the affections of the mind an aptness to be moved by them. The philosophy of the thing is too deep and wonderful for us; we cannot attain unto it.

Oh, what a gentle ministrant is music
To piety!

I am persuaded that music is designed to prepare for heaven, to educate for the choral enjoyment of paradise. A Christian musician has a harp in his affections, with which he makes melody in his heart to the Lord. "I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—REV. xiv. 2.

Obedience.

“WE will obey the voice of the Lord our God, . . . that it may be well with us.”—JER. xlii. 6.

It is foolish to strive with what we cannot avoid ; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty : he that does this shall be free, safe, and quiet.—*Seneca*.

Wicked men obey for fear, but the good for love.—*Aristotle*.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.

One of the duties that are necessary to your peace, and required of God, is your due subjection to governors. For God is the God of order ; and as in natural effects He useth natural means, so in politic government He useth officers.

The state of the world requires that there should be some rule, invested with power to protect the innocent, and to defend the weak from the violence of the oppressor ; and therefore government is agreeable to the will of God. The power of the magistrate is a power delegated from God, and therefore more especially to be regarded by those who pretend, in a peculiar manner, to be the servants of God. Being Christians should make us better, not worse, servants ; for we ought to obey from the heart, as serving God, and not men. All our natural powers are ordained by God, and He has divided to every man as seemeth best to Him. The least power is His ordinance as well as the greatest ; and the Scripture has commanded obedience to all governors, and left us the laws and constitution of our country to know who they are and what they are.

He praiseth God best that serveth and obeyeth Him most.

“Thy kingdom come !” For this we pray in vain,
Unless He does in our affections reign.
How fond it were to wish for such a King,
And no obedience to His sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and His burden light ;
His service freedom, and His judgments right.

Happy is that man, and that man only, who so submits his mind to the power of the Holy Spirit, that he learns to follow His blessed teaching, to be guided by His holy influences, to pray under His gracious inspiration, and to sanctify and purify his heart, his will, and his affections more and more from all that is earthly and of low degree.

I find that doing the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.

"To him who wears the cross," he said :

"The first great law is—to obey."

The knowing of God, that we may serve Him ; and the serving Him, that we may enjoy Him, take up the whole obedience of man.

Jesus Christ intended, when He opened your eyes, that your eyes should direct your feet. Light is a special help to obedience, and obedience is a singular help to increase your light.

There are three models of obedience we should do well to follow. (1) A little child (1 PET. i. 14) ; the representation of trustful and unquestioning obedience. (2) The holy angels (MATT. vi. 10), the representation of cheerful, prompt, universal and loving obedience. (3) The Lord Jesus Himself, who "learned obedience," and was "obedient unto death:" the example of obedience, perfect, self-sacrificing, unvarying.

A crab-tree may bear fruit fair to the eye, but it is sour because it doth not come from a good root. A moral person may give God outward obedience, and to the eyes of others it seems glorious ; but this obedience is sour because it comes not from the root of faith. "By faith Abel offered a better sacrifice than Cain." Let the ground of all thy religious actions be obedience ; examine not why it is commanded, observe it because it is commanded. True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.

Christ has done whatsoever was required as regards merit and satisfaction—He has done His own work for us, but He hath not done our work for us.

Look carefully that love to God and obedience to His commands be the principle and the spring from whence thy actions flow, and that the glory of God be the end to which all thy actions tend ; and that the word of God be thy rule and guide in every enterprise and undertaking.

Opportunity.

Carpe diem!—pluck the flower—seize the opportunity.

Strike now, or else the iron cools.

We must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures—

For courage mounteth with occasion.

* * * *

There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune :

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

* * * *

The fire in the flint shows not till it be struck.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness.

Gnothi Kairon—know the opportunity—for speaking or acting.

Who seeks and will not take when once it's offered,

Shall never find it more.

Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and try to make others happy.

An ability and an opportunity to do good ought to be considered as a call to it.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents. Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them therefore while they last.

The mill can't grind with the water that is lost.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

“No man,” says Pliny, “possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development.”

Plautus, the chief Roman comic poet, B.C. 184, said, “How often are men of the greatest genius buried in obscurity!”

Opportunity makes the thief.

The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then

it is we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments.

Wilfully to let opportunities go by is a wickedness and an inexcusable folly; but a greater folly yet it is to stand waiting and wishing for opportunities to do good when in fact they encircle us.

I must not offer this excuse to my long-suffering neighbour,— I have but rarely an opportunity and very many applicants—and then keep on ignoring his just claims whenever I have a good opportunity of helping him, and keep on giving away what I have to give to those whom I know have enough already. Am I guilty of having thus neglected my brother, thereby leaving him in poverty and obscurity?

As the best school in respect of high duties is the practice of the little ones of common life, so the best and shortest road to happiness and true philosophy is to make the most of what lies beside us, and enjoy all we can of the life we have, leaving it to God to determine what fortune shall attend our steps. "The Lord will provide." If we trusted more in His spontaneous generosity, we should less often be discontented by the failure of our own preparations, and should find that the Divine intent is that life should be felicitous.

Every man is obliged by the Supreme Maker of the universe to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him.

Near the Marble Arch I overtook a poor aged woman, with a large basket of linen. Seeing it was more than she could well carry, I offered my assistance, which she gladly accepted. As we walked along, she on one side of the basket and I on the other, I had an excellent opportunity of speaking to her of the love of Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She listened with much attention, and seemed very grateful for this little help by the way. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men" (GAL. vi. 10).

Patience.

CYPRIAN says: "O how humbly did Christ give place to His persecutors! How quietly bare He the reproaches offered!"

Tertullian tells us how the Christians bare with admirable patience all reproaches; and Cyprian says that their prayers were that those who persecuted them for a time might at last come to the knowledge of God and rejoice with them for ever.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on, hold fast, hold out!

How poor are they who have no patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

The vessel must be held still that is to be filled.

Pray and stay, are two blessed monosyllables.

"It is the best thing you can do to bear patiently what you cannot amend," says Seneca.

Virgil says: "Every misfortune is to be subdued with patience."

Hope and patience are two sovereign remedies to be relied on in adversity.

What cannot patience do?

A great design is seldom snatched at once;

'Tis patience heaves it on.

Progress of the best kind is comparatively slow. We must be satisfied to advance in life, as we walk, step by step.

To climb steep hills, requires slow pace at first.

"It is injurious to hasten," says Ovid, "and to delay is also frequently injurious. That man is wise who does everything in its proper time."

Fools' haste is no speed.

Patience is the surest antidote against calumny. Time, sooner or later, will discover the truth.

I will be the pattern of all patience.

I will say nothing.

If what we suffer has been brought upon us by ourselves, patience is eminently our duty, since no one should be angry at feeling that which he has deserved.

Let pain deserved without complaint be borne.

He is patient who bears what he has to suffer without any expression of complaint.

If my patience be no more than yielding to stern necessity, it is very far short of the cheerful acquiescence in the will of God, which is the essence of a Christian spirit.

Indolence is often taken for patience.

There are some persons who call themselves philosophers, who practise apathy and call it patience.

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.

Patience is a great preventive power. It lays its firm though gentle hand upon us, and holds us back from acting too quickly. Patience says: "Wait till the right time."

Enduring patience makes the burden light.

* * * *

What can't be cured must be endured.

* * * *

Among all the graces that like jewels adorn a Christian soul, there is not one more brilliant than patience.

If the wicked flourish and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction: thou art dieted for health.

Whatsoever is brought upon thee, take it cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate.

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissemblers.

Patience is of two kinds; passive endurance (HEB. vi. 15), and active continuance (ROM. ii. 7); or as they have been called, lying down patience and running patience: patience to endure the trials and afflictions of life, like Job (JAS. v. 11); patience to wait for the fulfilment of promises and the development of plans, like Simeon (LUKE ii. 25).

Impatience, like a caged bird, only wearies its wings in useless and vain flutterings from side to side; patience sits still and sings.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure." "The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him." "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." "Though the vision tarry, wait for it."

Patriotism.

RULE, Britannia! rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves.

* * * * *
 Ye mariners of England! that guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and
 the breeze;

Your glorious standard launch again
 To meet another foe.

We may say of England's naval exploits as Horace said of
 Rome:

What coast encircled by the briny flood
 Boasts not the glorious tribute of our blood?

* * * * *
 Be England what she will,
 With all her faults she is my country still.

* * * * *
 Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land?

* * * * *
 This England never did, nor never shall
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

* * * * *
 England, with all thy faults I love thee still.
 My country! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found
 Shall be constrained to love thee.

* * * * *
 I've travelled among unknown men
 In lands beyond the sea:
 Nor, England! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

* * * * *
 I would not change my native land
 For rich Peru with all her gold.

* * * * *
 England is like a moated house guarded by its waters.
 England is the fortunate island, the paradise of pleasure, the
 garden of God; whose valleys are like Eden, whose hills are as
 Lebanon, whose springs are as Pisgah, whose rivers are as
 Jordan, whose wall is the ocean, and whose defence is the Lord
 Jehovah.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child.
 Breathes there the man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there be, go mark him well.
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Ireland !—first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !

He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and danger for the purpose of serving, defending, and protecting his country is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace, and the virtues of a devout and holy life, he most amply deserves, and will assuredly receive, the esteem, the admiration, and the applause of his grateful country; and what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.

Virgil wrote: "The noblest motive is the public good."

Euripides says of Greece: "Dear native land, would that all that inhabit thee loved thee as I do; then indeed we should be better denizens of thy soil, and naught wouldst thou sustain of evil."

It is impossible that a man who is false to his friends and neighbours should be true to the public.

True patriots we; for be it understood
 We left our country for our country's good.

* * *
 A steady patriot of the world alone,
 The friend of every country but his own.

* * *
 He only is a good patriot who fears God, loves the brotherhood, and honours the king.

Perseverance.

"ALL that I have been able to accomplish in the course of my life," said George Stephenson, "has been done through perseverance."

Nulla dies sine linea—no day without a line—was the motto of Apelles, the only man whom Alexander the Great would suffer to paint his portrait.

Nulla dies sine versu—no day without a verse—was the motto of Luther when translating the Bible into German.

By frequent trying Troy was won.

All things by trying may be done.

Constant application overcomes the greatest difficulties.

The advice of Horace is: "*Persta atque obdura*,"—persevere and hold up."

Nil desperandum—never despair. Never give up.

Full many a pupil has become

More famous than his master.

Great works are not performed by strength, but by perseverance.

When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle,—I go through.

Perseverance

Keeps honour bright. To have none is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,

In monumental mockery.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those little operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

Yet I argue not

Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer

Right onward.

It is not calculable what may be accomplished in everything in life by moderate beginnings and judicious perseverance.

I recollect, in Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the sessions justices at the Court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon, and he kept his word. He was an industrious man, honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench which he sawed and planed.

He will never enjoy the sweets of the spring, nor will he obtain the honeycombs of Mount Hybla, if he dreads his face being stung, or is annoyed by briers. The rose is guarded by its thorn, the honey is defended by the bee.

Without perseverance many of our best intentions would remain unfulfilled, and our best plans would be defeated; those who do not use perseverance can do no essential good; and those who persevere often effect what has appeared to be impracticable.

If we persevere in studying to do our duty towards God and man we shall meet with the esteem, love, and confidence of those who are around us.

The Christian race is not to be run by so many fits, but by a constant course and progress—still getting ground upon our besetting sins, still approaching nearer to the kingdom of heaven. A Christian is not made in a fit, neither is the work of grace wrought in a passion; but it is a settled, solemn, and constant frame of heart that brings a man to Christ and salvation.

Let your perseverance be an evident demonstration to prove the truth of your conversion; let not the hardest labour, the hottest service that you may be put upon, the greatest sufferings that you may be exposed to, in the least discourage you, for God doth not require that you should do or that you should suffer anything for Him, but only by the strength that He Himself hath promised and doth intend to give.

“He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”

Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY—the union of reason and science. Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of our philosophy.

Philosophy is called by Cicero, the guide of human life, the searcher out of the virtues, the exterminator of vice; by Plato, the gift and invention of the immortal gods, and the best thing ever bestowed upon men.

"Philosophy," says Seneca, "is the art of life, and it teaches us what to do in all cases."

Aristippus being asked once what advantage he had derived from philosophy, said, "The power of associating confidently with everybody."

Socrates, born 469 B.C., is called the first moral philosopher. It is said of him that he brought down philosophy from heaven. His only positive doctrinal sentence transmitted to us is, "Virtue is knowledge." He often said that he knew but one thing with certainty, and that was his ignorance of all things.

Plato, born 429 B.C., is described as a philosopher for philosophers. He says in his 'Republic': "All things work together for the good of those whom the gods love."

Aristotle, born 384 B.C., was for twenty years a pupil of Plato at Athens—called by Plato "The Intellect of the School."

Pythagoras, born about 540 B.C., changed the name of wise men (sages) into philosophers, lovers of wisdom.

There were four great schools of philosophy, viz. Platonic, Peripatetic, Epicurean, and Stoic.

Platonic—Academy—Plato.

Academos, an Attic hero, whose garden was selected by Plato for the place of his lectures. Hence his disciples were called "The Academic sect."

Peripatetic—the Lyceum—Aristotle.

Lyceum, a gymnasium on the banks of the Ilissus, in Attica, where Aristotle taught philosophy as he paced the walks.

Epicurean—the Garden—Epicurus, born 342 B.C.

Stoic—the Porch—Zeno, born 340 B.C., at Citium in Cyprus. Cicero, the Father of Roman Philosophy, B.C. 106—43.

Philosophy (love of wisdom), the knowledge of the reason of things, distinguished from history, the knowledge of facts, and from mathematics, the knowledge of the quantity of things.

Philosophy is now divided into Moral, Intellectual, and Natural.

Philosophy consists not

In airy schemes, or idle speculations :
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heav'nly light,
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past and over future evils,
but present evils triumph over philosophy.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Genius and erudition have made of late years, as of old, prodigious efforts to create systems of philosophy and ethics without the aid of wisdom from on high, and of late years, as of old, genius and erudition have signally failed in the attempt. A succession of men endowed with mighty powers, but voluntarily placing themselves, eighteen centuries after Christ, in the intellectual position of heathen sages, have, after all, only brought the thinking world to something worse than the hopeless scepticism in which ended the wondrous wisdom of Greece. System after system of philosophy has reigned and been dethroned. System after system has proved the impotence of man to discover the highest truths without divine guidance.

The Apostles were, by infinite degrees, the best informed of all philosophers.

The world cannot show us a more exalted character than that of a truly religious philosopher, who delights to turn all things to the glory of God ; who, in the objects of his sight, derives improvement to his mind, and in the glass of things temporal sees the image of things spiritual.

The utmost that philosophy can pretend to have is, words only and empty sounds, in comparison with Christianity. Ten thousand such volumes of Seneca and Epictetus can never lie so close to our hearts, or give that sweet repose to spirits in perplexity, as this single text from St. Paul, rightly applied, would do :—"Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Poetry.

POETRY is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.

Poetry is either subjective or objective—subjective when the poet directly expresses his own emotions—objective when the poet is dealing with matters outside of himself, and his own emotions are for the most part kept entirely out of view.

Poetry has these three fundamental tripartite divisions—Lyric, Epic, Dramatic.

Lyric (subjective). In the Lyric the poet's own mind and feelings are set forth. It was originally accompanied by the music of the lyre—hence its name.

Epic (objective). In this branch the poet relates a story—the events may be real, or fictitious, or both. Hence the object is considered as past—Epic from *epos*, a song; *eipo*, to speak.

Dramatic (objective). The poet represents a picture of human life, in which the object is considered as present. From *drama*, *drao*, to do.

Lyric pieces from their nature are shorter than epics.

Lyric poetry includes The Song, a poem to be sung. The Sonnet, a short song of fourteen lines; the Ode, a short poem to be set to music or sung; the Elegy, a mournful or plaintive poem (from *elegos*, a lament); the Dirge, a funeral song; the Hymn, a short poem for religious service.

Epic poetry includes the Ballad, a dance song—originally a song accompanied by dancing. Now it means a short narrative poem or popular song; the Idyll, a little image (Greek, *eidos*, an image)—its chief essential being a complete picture in a small compass; the Eclogue, a select poem—a short poem, highly finished, principally of a *pastoral* nature; the Pastoral, which professes to delineate the scenery and life of the country. Epic poems are classed as major and minor. The former are also called Heroics, such as the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' the 'Æneid,' in which the achievements of gods and heroes are described. 'Paradise Lost' is an example of a *sacred* epic. Among the minor epics are the ballad, the idyll, the pastoral.

Dramatic poetry includes Tragedy and Comedy. Tragedy is a composition in dialogue, in which the deeper and stronger passions are displayed, and in which the issue is generally disastrous to one or more of the chief personages represented. It

owes its name either to the fact that in ancient Greece the performance of the oldest tragedies was accompanied by the sacrifice of a goat (*tragos*, a he-goat), or because a goat was awarded as a prize for the best tragedy, or because the actors were clad in goat-skins.

Comedy is a composition in dialogue, intended to represent the lighter passions and actions of mankind. Its design is amusement, and the plot usually has a happy termination—from *kome*, a village.

In addition to the foregoing, there is another species of poetry, termed satiric, in which wickedness or folly is exposed with severity or treated with ridicule. It differs from a lampoon in being general rather than personal.

Rhythm is the regular recurrence of accent or stress of voice. Accent falls on particular syllables, and each accented syllable, with the unaccented syllable or syllables belonging to it, forms a foot.

Poetry is for the most part written in lines containing a uniform number of syllables as well as of rhythmic beats.

A foot is made up of two syllables or three. It is accent alone, not length of syllables, that is the regulator of English verse.

There are five kinds of feet in English verse; two dissyllabic and three trisyllabic. These five feet are named as follows:—

1. Trochee—long and short -- *e. g.* riv'er.
2. Iambus—short and long -- *e. g.* derive'.
3. Dactyl—long and two short --- *e. g.* mer'rily.
4. Amphibrach—short, long, short --- *e. g.* confu'sion.
5. Anapæst—two short, one long --- *e. g.* guarantee'.

A verse is made up of a certain number of feet, usually, though not necessarily, of the same kind.

The terms line and verse are synonymous.

A line consisting of five feet is called a pentameter; of six feet an hexameter.

The Iambic pentameter is the heroic measure of English verse, and largely prevails. The Iambic hexameter is also called the Alexandrine verse, from its being used in a poem written in French on the life of Alexander.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song

That, *like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.*

Rhyme the rudder is of verses.

Rhyme is the correspondence of sounds in the terminating words or syllables of two verses. Rhythm means any regular

flow. Rhythm is the essential of verse. Blank verse may be defined to be rhythm without rhyme, and has always ten syllables in a line.

Thackeray says: "When a gentleman is cudgelling his brain to find any rhyme for sorrow, besides borrow or to-morrow, his woes are nearer at an end than he thinks."

The ancients termed verse, *Oratio vincta*, speech-bound; and prose, *Oratio saluta*, speech unshackled.

Sing, Poet, in thy place and be content.

Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets.

Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.

As Chaucer is the father of English poetry, so, Pope says: "I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, and the Romans, Virgil." His chief work, 'The Canterbury Tales.'

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full responding line,
The long majestic voice, and energy divine.

There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to poetry.

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

Addison, by lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became, for hire,
A travelling tutor to a squire.
But wisely left the Muses' Hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill;
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade;
And grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his *levée* wait.

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.

See him when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust ;
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown :
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

* * * * *

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie ;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread.

* * * * *

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

The three intentions of poetry : Increase of good, increase of understanding, and increase of happiness.

Poetry is music in words ; and music is poetry in sound ; both excellent sauce ; but they have lived and died poor that have made them their meat.

Poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind, or left alone in its own magic hermitage.

The best of poetry is ever in alliance with real uncorrupted Christianity ; and with the degeneracy of the one always comes the decline of the other ; for it is to Christianity that we owe the fullest inspirations of the celestial spirit of poetry.

"Poetry has been to me," says Southey, "'its own exceeding great reward ;' it has soothed my affliction ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Southey mentions the wishes of a poet—a small house and a large garden, few friends and plenty of books. May we not add a dear companion and helper, who will attend to his small house, and make his quiet home happier ?

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong ;
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The things of shape unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name,—*Shakespeare*.

Possessions.

Beati possessorēs—Happy are the possessors!

It much more deserves and demands our care what estate we shall go to in the other world when we die, than what estate we shall then leave behind us in this world.

Cease to speak of possessions as your own : be wise, and call them what they are—a trust from your God. We are not proprietors, but stewards.

When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things which we call our own, is that they may be his who hath need of them?

The way to wealth is as plain as possible ; it depends chiefly on two words,—industry and frugality ; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

All a man's wealth or poverty is within himself ; it is not the outward abundance or want that can make the difference. It is only when the rich are sick that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

There is nothing so insidious as the love of the world and wealth. It creeps in unperceived and unsuspected ; it assumes a mastery over the mind, which appears most unaccountable and unreasonable. Hence, many who in the time of their comparative poverty were generous, have become, in the possession of wealth, narrow and illiberal. Covetousness thus destroys reason as well as religion.

“Riches bear out folly,” says Horace.

The rich fool is suffered to play such pranks with impunity, as if played off by one in an inferior station would meet not only with derision, but also with punishment.

It is often said of rich fools—

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

* * * *
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

* * * *
We still hear of

The good old plan,
That they should get who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

The way to increase is to distribute.

Some are rich because they are liberal.

There is no use of money like that of beneficence.

Wealth may cast a generous eye upon some man of genius whose soaring intellect is cramped by that old complaint of mental power, the *res angusta domi*—domestic poverty. Brought out of want, this man may apply his mighty mind on labours which shall enrich unborn generations. To the liberality of Robert Boyle we principally owe the publication of Saunderson's book on 'Conscience' and Burnet's 'History of the Reformation.' To the discriminating kindness of Bishop Jewel we owe it that Richard Hooker was not a tradesman.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of His abundant goodness denied it (He only knows why) to many, whose minds He hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind.

To employ the treasures of time for mere earthly purpose is for them to perish in the using. The education of the young, the consolation of the afflicted, the relief of the needy, the extension of Christ's kingdom, the circulation of His Word—this is to lay up for ourselves riches in heaven, when the labours of life are finished and the treasures of earth are perished.

Poverty.

LET me see what some of the old heathen writers thought of poverty.

Horace : *Et genus, et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*—

But high descents and meritorious deeds
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea weeds.

Juvenal : *Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi*—

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid who lie
Plung'd in the depths of hopeless poverty.

Virtutibus obstat res angusta domi—Straitened circumstances frequently stand in the way of rising virtue and ability.

Once poor, my friend, still poor you must remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool.

Lucan : Poverty is shunned, and looked upon as a crime throughout all the world.

Terence : Poverty is a grievous and heavy burden.

But Horace says also : "That man is not poor who has a sufficiency for all his wants."

Virgil writes : "Perhaps the remembrance of these events may prove a source of future happiness. Endure them, therefore, like men, and reserve yourselves for more prosperous circumstances."

Seneca says : "*Ingens telum necessitas*—Necessity is a powerful weapon—a powerful stimulus to exertion."

Addison, who at one time suffered much from poverty, thus bitterly wrote these words of truth : "Poverty palls the most generous spirits ; it cows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair."

It is hard to bear old age and poverty.

The words of the poor are empty.

Poverty makes even the well-born dishonoured.

Gray, in his well-known 'Elegy,' writes thus plaintively :

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

* * * * *
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

There are very many things which men dare not give utterance to in rags and tatters.

How many

Struggle with poverty, compelled to bear
In silence and in solitude—

The spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes !

And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

O happy he whom heaven hath fed
With frugal but sufficient bread !

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

The sting of poverty is impatience.

It is perhaps true that some are distinguished and adorned by honourable poverty.

Poverty in the way of duty is to be chosen, rather than plenty in the way of sin.

How rich is poverty's scant hoard,
When God hath blessed its lot ;
How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,
If He hath blessed them not !

Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost contriving for to-morrow.

Poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into extravagance.

A wise man poor,
Is like a sacred book that's never read ;
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.

* * * * *
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood ;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.

Am I a believing Christian, though poor ? Then "the Lord careth for me."

Praise.

"LET another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."—PROV. xxvii. 2.

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

"The just man," says Gregory, "when he is praised, is then humbled, fearing he is not unto God as he is esteemed with men."

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

Nothing wounds the feelings more than praise unjustly bestowed.

Xenophon says: "The sweetest of all sounds is praise."

Praise has different effects according to the mind it meets with; it makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.

For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.

On the other hand, to be indifferent to praise or censure is a real defect in character.

"Think not," said Socrates, "those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults."

But commendation is as much the duty of a friend as reprehension.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

To be, and not to seem, is this man's maxim;
His mind reposes on its conscious worth,
And wants no other praise.

* * * * *
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below.

Genuine praise, like all other species of truth, is known by its bearing full investigation; it is what the giver is happy that he

can justly bestow, and the receiver conscious that he may boldly accept; but adulation must ever be afraid of inquiry, and must to their degrees of moral sensibility—

Be shame to him that gives and him that takes.

They are the most frivolous and superficial of mankind who can be much delighted with that praise which they themselves know to be altogether unmerited.

Praise undeserved is censure in disguise.

Few are so wise as to prefer the censure which may be useful to them, to the flattery which betrays them.

“Ill-timed applause

Wrongs the best speaker and the justest cause,”

wrote Homer, the earliest of all the classic writers, B.C. 950 to 850.

Voiture, in addressing Cardinal Richelieu, said: “How much more affecting it is to hear one’s praises from the mouth of the people than from that of the poets!”

Men find it more easy to flatter than to praise.

Flattery pleases very generally. In the first place the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered.

Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest,

Save him who courts flattery.

Wherever flattery gains admission it seems to banish common sense.

But

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those

Whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

Praise, of all things, is the most powerful incitement to commendable actions, and animates us in our enterprises.

Praising what is past

Makes the remembrance dear.

* * * *

Him who ne’er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne’er appal.

O breath of public praise,
Short-lived and vain; oft gained without desert,
As often lost unmerited: composed
But of extremes.

Prayer.

"PRAY without ceasing."—1 THESS. v. 17.

"Pour out your heart before Him."—Ps. lxi. 8.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray."—JAMES v. 13.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

Extract from a prayer of Bishop Andrewes, A.D. 1590: "Be Thou, O Lord, within me, to strengthen me; without me, to watch me; over me, to cover me; under me, to hold me up; before me, to lead me; behind me, to bring me back; round about me, to keep off mine enemies on every side."

If you can't go to God with a broken heart, go to him for it.

Fountain of mercy! Whose pervading eye
Can look within, and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks! I have no words.
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language—Lord! behold my heart.

Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey. There is no time lost in sharpening the scythe.

I must remember that the hearer of prayer is also the hater of sin.

He who prays as he ought will endeavour to live as he prays.

God is great, and therefore He will be sought; He is good, and therefore He will be found. The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith. Whatever you want, go to God by faith and prayer, in the name of Christ, and never think His delays are denials.

By the prayer of the publican we are taught to pray with humility; by the parable of the widow to pray with importunity; by Christ's commendation of the woman of Canaan to pray with fervency; by His command to pray secretly.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

God's ears are not only open to the prayers of His children, but His eyes are upon their necessities to give them more than they ask or think.

It is said of Pericles, the Athenian orator—died B.C. 429—that when he went forth to address the people he prayed to the gods that nothing might go out of his mouth but what might be to the purpose.

Xenophon, a heathen Greek writer—died B.C. 350—advises thus: "Pray to God at the beginning of thy works, that thou mayest bring them to a good conclusion."

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven; and meditation the eye with which we see God.

When God pours out His Spirit upon man then man will pour out his heart before God.

That work which is begun well is half done,
And without prayer no work is well begun.

Pray and work. Prayer is no more designed to be an excuse for not working, than working can dispense with prayer. Prayer will not sow the seed, though it may bring the sunshine.

Prayer of George III.: "Keep me, O Lord, from silly and unguarded friends, and from secret and designing enemies, and give me those things that are best for me, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Prayer of Lord Ashley before the battle of Edge Hill: "O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."

So much of our lives is celestial and Divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer.

A prayer prefixed to some editions of the early English versions: "O gracious God and most merciful Father, which hast vouchsafed us the rich and precious jewel of Thy Holy Word, assist us by Thy Spirit, that it may be written in our hearts to our everlasting comfort, to reprove us, to renew us, according to Thine own image; to build us up, and edify us unto the perfect building of Thy Christ; sanctifying and increasing in us all heavenly virtues. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

The Prayer Book.

WHEN a congregation prays in public, and when the minister has to suit his petitions to the general wants of *all*, then I know of no plan so good as an appropriate form of prayer. We need not be always thinking what will come next, or how the clergyman will finish his prayer, or whether he prays well or ill. All we have to do is to throw our whole souls into the prayer before us, and pray it with our very hearts.—*Bishop Oxenden.*

The Prayer Book was not compiled and preserved without the special inspiration of God's Spirit, and the almost unexampled care of His providence. That a composition so nearly faultless in point of style, should have appeared at so rude a period of our language as the era of the Reformation, is in itself a sort of literary miracle; and even in this particular, we cannot avoid observing a special and most gracious provision for the improvement of succeeding generations; for this "form of sound words," while it can never become antiquated so long as the English language retains its strength and purity, will always excite an emotion of mingled awe and admiration by the venerable simplicity of former times.—*Bishop Jebb.*

If the Bible is the language through which God speaks to us, the Prayer Book is the language through which our congregations speak to God.—*Dean Howson.*

John Wesley said: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid Scriptural rational piety than the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England."

Robert Hall—a Baptist—"I believe the chastened fervour of its devotion, the majestic simplicity of its language, and the Evangelical purity of its sentiments, have combined to place it among the very first ranks of uninspired compositions."

It is the union of reason with spirituality, of seriousness with cheerfulness, of the most profound humility with the noblest elevation; it is the ever-varying, yet ever consistent; appeals to the imagination, the taste, the understanding, the affections, and the conscience; it is, above all, or rather the source and soul of all the rest, that easy, artless, and unfettered exhibition of Divine truth, not as it is mutilated or perverted in any system of human manufacture, but as it is diffused over the rich expanse of Scripture, with a noble negligence of rule, such as probably

appeared in the Paradise of God;—it is this which distinguishes our Common Prayer above all other formularies, and which gives it a rank second only to that Sacred Volume from whence its spirit and its substance are principally derived.—*Bishop Jebb.*

“The Prayer Book as it stands,” says Dean Stanley, “is a long gallery of ecclesiastical history, which, to be understood and enjoyed thoroughly, absolutely compels a knowledge of the greatest events and names of all the periods of the Christian Church. To Ambrose (Bishop of Milan, died A.D. 397) we owe our *Te Deum*. Charlemagne (A.D. 800) breaks the silence of our Ordination Prayer by the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*. The persecutions have given us one creed; the Empire another. The name of the first great patriarch of the Byzantine Church (Chrysostom) closes our daily service; the Litany is the bequest of (Gregory the Great) the first great patriarch of the Latin Church amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence (A.D. 590). Our collects are the joint productions of Fathers, Popes, Reformers. Our Communion Service bears the traces of every fluctuation of the Reformation through the two extremes of the reign of Edward to the conciliatory policy of Elizabeth and the revolutionary zeal of the Restoration.”

What an advantage it is for a congregation in offering up their prayers not to be dependent on the memory, or fluency, or peculiarities, or health, or varying moods of the minister who conducts the service. In the Church of England the congregation are quite independent of the minister. They are always sure of being able to pour out their souls to God in carefully-digested forms of prayer, the product of ages of piety, such as no individual mind, however gifted and cultivated, could hope to rival on the spur of the moment.

Preaching.

"PREACH the Word."

There stands the messenger of truth, there stands
 The Legate of the skies ! his theme Divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart ;
 And arm'd himself in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war
 The sacramental host of God's elect.—*Cowper*.

"To preach practical sermons, as they are called," says Bishop Horne, "*i. e.* sermons upon virtues and vices, without inculcating those great Scripture truths of redemption, grace, &c., which alone can excite and enable us to forsake sin, and follow after righteousness, what is it but to put together the wheels, and set the hands of a watch, forgetting the spring, which is to make them all go ?"

"That sermon," says Bishop Burnet, "which makes every one go away silent, grave, and hastening to be alone to meditate and pray over the matter in secret has its true effect."

Ability to teach by sermons is a grace which God doth bestow on them whom He maketh sufficient for the commendable discharge of their duty.—*Hooker*.

"It is not difficult," says Archbishop Ussher, "to make things easy appear hard, but to render hard things easy is the part of a good orator and preacher. Simplicity is the truest mark of a well-trained mind ; it takes all our learning to make things plain."

Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.—*Steele*.

As harsh and irregular sounds are not harmony, so neither is banging a cushion oratory.—*Swift*.

Be but a person in credit with the multitude, he shall be able to make popular rambling stuff pass for high rhetoric and moving preaching.—*South*.

The subjects in the pulpit are of a too momentous concern to be made the materials of oratorical flourishes; and whatever tends to show the preacher more intent upon displaying his own abilities than persuading or convincing his hearers, is not only bad taste, but a pitiful aberration from what ought to be his sole object.—*H. Moore.*

I love a serious preacher, who speaks for my sake and not his own; who seeks my salvation, and not his own glory.—*Bp. Massillon.*

It should never be said of any clergyman—

“He was a lifeless preacher.”

I'll preach as though I ne'er should preach again;

I'll preach as dying unto dying men.—*Baxter.*

'Tis better to be brief than tedious.—*Luther.*

“An aimless preacher aims at nothing, and he hits it,” says Archbishop Whately.

He who speaks what he knows, and testifies what he feels, as in the presence of God, will win more souls to heaven than if he wielded at will the eloquence of men and angels.—*Bp. Jebb.*

The preacher should be always acquiring fresh knowledge. When a man ceases to learn, that moment he becomes unfit to teach.—*Dr. Arnold.*

Much reading and thinking may make a popular preacher; but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher.—*Berridge.*

Distrust violent and wordy preachers wheresoever you meet them.—*Canon Kingsley.*

I would have every preacher of the Gospel address his audience with the generous energy of a father, and with the exuberant affection of a mother.—*Abp. Fenelon.*

It is not uncommon to hear a preacher mentioned as having a very fine command of language, when perhaps it might be said with more correctness, his language had command of him;—that is, he follows a train of words rather than of thought.—*Abp. Whately.*

His gifts are as gold that adorns the temple; his grace like the temple that sanctifies the gold.—*Burkitt.*

Preach Christ in every sermon.

Pride.

"A MAN'S pride shall bring him low."—PROV. xxix. 23.

"Pride goeth before destruction."—PROV. xvi. 18.

"Those that walk in pride He is able to abase."—DAN. iv. 37.

"God resisteth the proud."—JAMES iv. 6.

God will humiliate those who will not humble themselves.

The character of man is—proud sinner.

A proud man cannot endure to see pride in another.

Pride hath no other glass

To show itself but pride; for supple knees

Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

The mind of a proud man is like a mushroom which starts up in a night; his first business is to forget himself, and then his friends.

Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.

There is no vice more insupportable and more universally hated than pride. It is a kind of poison which corrupts all the good qualities of man; and whatever merit he may otherwise possess, this single fault is sufficient to render him odious and contemptible; so that by pleasing himself too much he displeases everyone.

The best manners are stained by the addition of pride. Xerxes (assassinated 465 B.C.) in his expedition against Greece, calling his princes together, thus addressed them: "That I may not appear to follow my own counsel I have assembled you; but recollect it better becomes you to obey than to advise."

Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth.

Socrates is reported to have said: "I see the pride of Antisthenes through the holes in his mantle."

Diogenes exclaimed while soiling with his feet Plato's carpet, "Thus I tread on Plato's pride." "Yes," said Plato, "with greater pride than Plato's."

Scorn no man's love though of a mean degree;
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

Chatterton—the wondrous boy who perished in his pride.

Fret till your proud heart breaks.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil.

Pride hates superiors, scorns inferiors, and owns no equals. Till thou hate it God hates thee.

Pride is as warm and snug in a cloister as a palace, and is as much delighted with a fine prayer as a foul oath. Beware of pride.

It is true, grace cannot be proud, yet it is possible a saint may be proud of his grace. Then a soul is proud of his grace when he trusts in his grace.

In the depraved nature of man, pride is the radical reigning sin that first lives and last dies.

Proud selfish men seldom like to feel obliged, and are neither thankful to God nor humble before man.

When a proud man forbids you his presence, he awkwardly confers a favour upon you.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

Many people talk of a proper pride in which they totally exclude humility, and include all the resentments condemned by the New Testament. There is no such thing as proper pride. A judicious and reasonable estimation of one's own character has nothing to do with it.

Pride seldom obtains its end; for aiming at honour and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

He that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition would be proud in a splendid one.

Self-conceit is self-deceit.

Let me be on my guard against

The pride that apes humility—

the pride which makes a parade of being humble.

A proud man will be sure to challenge more than belongs to him; you must expect him stiff in his conversation, fulsome in commending himself, and bitter in his reproofs.

Other vices tyrannise over particular ages, and triumph in particular countries. Rage is the failing of youth, and avarice of age; revenge is the predominant passion of one country, and inconstancy the characteristic of another; but pride is the native of every country, infects every climate, and corrupts every nation.

Procrastination.

“BOAST not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”—PROV. xxvii. 1.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Procrastination wears out time, and accomplishes nothing.

Oh ! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue, and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said
I will do this to-morrow.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

To-morrow !
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and promises,
The currency of idiots.

To-morrow !
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Manana (Spanish) to-morrow—the curse of Spain.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Let none presume to count upon to-morrow
Who cannot e'en command to-day.

Alexander being asked how he had conquered the world, answered : “By not delaying.” The same was true of Caesar, Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington.

That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this world changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, and hands, and accidents ;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing.

Sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, some good thing comes to-morrow.

"Business to-morrow," is what Archias, one of the Spartan polemarchs in Athens, said, when a letter was handed to him respecting the insurrection of Pelopidas. He was at a banquet at the time, and thrust the letter under his cushion; but Pelopidas, with his four hundred insurgents rushed into the room during the feast, and slew both Archias and the rest of the Spartan officers.

No wise man should suffer himself to be the dupe of to-morrow.

The man will surely fail who dares delay,
And lose to-morrow that has lost to-day.

Horace says: "Avoid all inquiry with respect to what may happen on the morrow. Whatever things injure your eye you are anxious to remove: but things which affect your mind you defer."

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we may happen to be so to-morrow,

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it: this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day and night to another till he is starved and destroyed.

I must not be one of those who

Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by letting things alone,

when my neighbour needs instant help.

"Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."—PROV. iii. 28.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story,
To-morrow and the next more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it!
Only engage and then the mind grows heated:
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—JAMES iv. 14.

Prosperity.

"THE prosperity of fools shall destroy them."—PROV. i. 32.

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other."—ECCL. vii. 14.

It is success that colours all in life :
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success or power, howe'er acquired.

Success condones everything.

Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world ;
whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw, and feathers.

He that has never known adversity is but half-acquainted
with himself or others. Constant success shows us but one side
of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell
us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone
we can learn our defects.

Prosperity makes many friends.

I wot well how the world wags ;
He is most loved who hath most bags.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
The poor advanced, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.

Ovid writes: "Whilst you are prosperous you can number
many friends; but when the storm comes you are left alone."

It has been said, "All who deserve prosperity secure it. Want
and obscurity are only the heritage of defective ability and
feeble will." This is not wholly true, for

Merit seldom meets with its reward.

* * * * *

Knaves will thrive

When honest plainness knows not how to live.
Then

Pray that the right may thrive.

The prosperous man seems as a magnet to attract prosperity.

May fortune with returning smiles now bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride redress.

When Dionides, a pirate, was brought before Alexander, he exclaimed: "Vile brigand! how dare you infest the seas with your misdeeds?" "And you," replied the pirate, "by what right do you ravage the world? Because I have only one ship I am called a brigand, but you who have a whole fleet are called a conqueror." Alexander admired the man's boldness, and commanded him to be set at liberty.

"He has gained everything," said a companion of Napoleon, when he was in the zenith of his prosperity, "and yet he is unhappy."

Too often one effect of prosperity is to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain.

Capricious fortune ever joys
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.

The three things that will insure prosperity: Appropriate exertion, feasible exertion, and uncommon exertion.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base.

Some grow less by elevation, like a little statue on a mighty pedestal.

* * * * *
'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.
* * * * *

He who lends in the day of prosperity meets with help in the day of adversity.

Success in the affairs of life often serves to hide one's abilities, whereas adversity frequently gives one an opportunity to discover them.

Good fortune hides, adversity calls forth
A landlord's genius and a leader's worth.

The man who is too much elated with prosperity will most acutely feel the shock of adversity.

Pray that God may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

Alas! alas! that men in prosperity often forget God and themselves.

The more God gives me, the more diligently must I serve Him.

Providence.

WHAT in me is dark
 Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington from the field of Waterloo ended thus : " I have escaped unhurt ; the finger of Providence was on me."

No slumber seals the eye of Providence ;
 Present to every action we commence.
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The laws of Providence are complicated, and concern not one person only but many. We think mostly of ourselves. God's care is over all. Trial or advancement may be sent to one whereby many may be benefited.

The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
 Here run before us, there retreat behind.

Let no man presume that he can see beforehand into the ways of Providence. His part is to contemplate them in the past, and trust in them for the future ; but so trusting, to act always upon motives of human prudence directed by religious principles.

We should follow Providence and not attempt to force it, for that often proves best for us which was least our own doing. God can touch a spring in Providence that either opens or shuts the door of our prosperity.

Thou can'st not to thy place by accident,
 It is the very place God meant for thee ;
 And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
 Do not for this give room for discontent.

Horace writes : " To whatever quarter the storm may blow, it bears me as a willing guest." And again : " The Deity can change the lowest into the highest, extinguishing the proud and bringing forward the humble and lowly."

How came we ashore ?
 By Providence divine.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
 Man proposes, God disposes.

Abhor the lying tongue, vile fraud detest,
 True-hearted men by Providence are blest.

What inextricable confusion must the world for ever have been in but for the variety which we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the handwritings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and every kind of evil. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?

We are too apt to forget our actual dependence on Providence for the circumstances of every instant. The most trivial events may determine our state in the world. Turning up one street instead of another may bring us in company with a person whom we should not otherwise have met; and this may lead to a train of other events, which may determine the happiness or misery of our lives.

It is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Nature forces on our heart a Creator; history a Providence.

God—Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Judge not of Providence at the first appearance; God may lose the glory of His work and you the comfort.

He who watches the Providence of God never wants a Providence to watch him.

We must still trust where we cannot trace.

We must believe and love when we cannot see.

Eternity will unravel the mysteries of time.

None are poor but they who want trust in God's Providence.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," is the unvaried language of God in His Providence. He will have credit at every step. He will not assign reasons, because He will exercise faith.

The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

Prudence.

"A PRUDENT man covereth shame."—PROV. xii. 16.

"A prudent man concealeth knowledge."—PROV. xii. 23.

"The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way."—PROV. xiv. 8.

"The prudent man looketh well to his going."—PROV. xiv. 15.

"He that regardeth reproof is prudent."—PROV. xv. 5.

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."—PROV. xxii. 3, and xxvii. 12.

Prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate.

Aristophanes (born B.C. 444) says: "Do not take either a blind guide or a weak adviser."

Cicero (murdered B.C. 43) writes: "I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly."

Sallust (died B.C. 34) says: "Advise well before you begin; and when you have maturely deliberated, then act with promptitude."

Ovid (died A.D. 28) says: "*Principiis obsta*—meet the beginnings." Look to the budding mischief before it has time to ripen into maturity.

Horace, died B.C. 8, says: "Consider again and again the character of any one you recommend to the notice of others, lest the failings of the person recommended bring disgrace on you."

With cautious judgment o'er and o'er
The man you recommend explore,
Lest when the scoundrel's better known
You blush for errors not your own.

"The word which has once escaped can never be recalled. I must then be careful what I say, for the impression made by an indiscreet word can never be recalled."

Horace gives this wise advice: "Take especial care what you say of any man, and to whom you say it."

Juvenal (flourished towards the close of the first century) says: "No other protection is wanted if you are under the guidance of prudence." And he asks, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"—Who shall guard your own guards?"

Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents nor admit their horse.

Those who in the confidence of superior capacities or attainments neglect the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; but that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Keep your fellows' counsel and your own.

Love all, trust few—do wrong to none.

Look before you leap.

Speak not in haste. Hear much, but say little.

Open not thine heart to every man.

Be not a judge between friends.

Listen, see, and hold your tongue, if you wish to live in peace.

Sure bind, safe find.

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force.

Avoid disputes as much as possible.

Be brave, not ferocious. Despise not your inferiors.

Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?

Or sells eternity to get a toy?

For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?

Or what fond beggar but to touch the crown

Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

Promise cautiously, but when you have promised fulfil scrupulously.

Never undertake *more* than you can do.

Shun the inquisitive, they'll talk again.

* * * *

The impertinent be sure to hate;

Who loves to ask, will love to prate.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

Trust not him that seems a saint. It is worse than a crime—it is a blunder.

Reveal no secrets. Pick no quarrels.

Prudence and economy are practical parts of religion. By attending to these duties we may avoid the criminality and discredit of busybodies, and may the better exercise the duties of hospitality and liberality in the cause of the Saviour and of His poor disciples.

Jesus Christ says to all His disciples, "Be wise as serpents; harmless as doves."

Reading.

HE who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

The man who reads for profit "marks, learns, and inwardly digests" what he finds. He examines the particular view of his author, his arrangement, and his arguments and illustrations, and particularly what are the qualities predominant in his author. His keen and steady eye suffers nothing to escape him ; he would rather read a little upon this plan than reckon the value of his studies by the number of pages he has perused. Like the bee, he rests long enough upon each flower to extract its virtues. He marks particular parts with his pencil, or makes some extracts to throw into his common-place book, or notes in the margin of his Bible what book to refer on particular passages, the volume and the page. In the course of time the broad margin of his Bible becomes a little treasury.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Reading, the key of knowledge.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor ;
Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.

The first time I read an excellent book it is to me just as if I

had gained a new friend: when I read over a book I have perused before it resembles the meeting with an old one.

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

In science, read by preference the newest works; in literature the oldest. The classic literature is always modern.

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect we should ask him what books he read.

"My early and invincible love of reading," says Gibbon, "I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight,
Read them by day and study them by night.—*Horace*.

What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination.

Give a man a taste for reading, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him happy. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns
As nature prompts is best; but o'er your leaves
To lean, for ever cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

Religion.

By religion I mean the religion of the Evangelical and Protestant Church of England.

Intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by religious principles. Without religion the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous, if he be ill-disposed; if well-disposed, only more unhappy.

True religion abhors all violence; she owns no arguments but those of persuasion.

There are two things in the truths of our holy religion—a Divine beauty which renders them lovely, and a holy majesty which makes them venerable.

All would reign with Christ, but would not suffer with Him. Many would only hear of Christ's dying for sin, of His being crucified for them; but to hear of their dying to sin and their own corrupt will, of their being crucified with Him, and suffering their wills to be resigned to the will of the Father as Christ's was; to hear of making an entire oblation of themselves to God—this is a hard saying, few will hear it; it is very unpleasing to flesh and blood; it is too spiritual a gospel for the carnal mind to relish.

When families read together the Holy Scriptures, and offer up daily prayer and praise in their dwellings, every sorrow is assuaged, every comfort heightened, every endearment refined.

Religion obviously leads to habits of industry, order, and economy. The Christian is required to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. By a wise improvement of his time and talents, he avoids many dangers which would otherwise be incurred, and secures many comforts which would otherwise be lost. He is taught to use what Providence bestows, with moderation and prudence. His veracity and faithfulness engage the esteem and win the confidence of his superiors. He guides his affairs with discretion, and adorns the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things.

There is no way in which true religion more effectually tends to better the condition of the poor than in its sanctifying and salutary influence over the social feelings. We are bound to each other by various relative ties. When these ties are strengthened by the power of religion, moral virtues have the

best soil and the best safeguard. A peasant or artizan who fears God, and loves our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, will feel toward his wife and children a tenderness and warmth of affection not to be found, or rationally expected, in the graceless profligate.

Where the gospel is cordially received, whether in the mansions of the great or the cottages of the poor, it raises a barrier against the temptations to a profligate course; it calls the mind to higher objects and hopes, and thus diminishes the force of sinful allurements. Conscience, awake and alive, causes a man to shrink from the contact or approach of those vices which produce the keenest and deadliest stings.

Every man of property and influence ought, with all the weight both of counsel and example, to lead his own servants and dependents into the ways of God—ordering himself according to God's Word, hallowing God's Sabbaths, and reverencing His sanctuary.

True religion is the foundation of society. When that is once shaken by contempt, the whole fabric cannot be stable nor lasting.

Religion is equally the basis of private virtue and public faith; of the happiness of the individual, and the prosperity of the nation.

The Christian religion enlightens the mind, comforts the heart, and establishes the welfare of society.

It is rare to see a rich man religious; for religion preaches restraint, and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

Seeming devotion does but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave.

If my religion is the true one it will make me kind-hearted and open-handed.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

Retribution.

THERE is no nation, though plunged into never so gross idolatry, but has some awful sense of a deity, and a persuasion of a state of retribution to men after this life.—*South*.

It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous.—*Addison*.

All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds.—*Milton*.

Even this present state is a state of retribution.

The Governor of all—has interposed,
Not seldom, His avenging arm, to smite
The injurious trampler upon nature's law.

The end of Pope Alexander VI. was a meet sequel to his life. Cæsar Borgia and the Pope had plotted to poison a rich Cardinal that they might seize his wealth. All the Cardinals were invited to a banquet, and among the wines provided one bottle of poison was carefully prepared and set apart. But the Pope and his son coming in before supper called for some wine, and the servant presented them by mistake with the bottle containing the poison. Borgia had largely diluted his wine, and being young and vigorous he recovered under the use of proper antidotes; but Alexander died the same evening.

God strikes some that He may warn all, and He sometimes does it suddenly.

God stays long, but strikes at last.

That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer upon my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.

The historian Nicephorus says that Salome, daughter of Herodias, as she walked over a frozen river the ice broke and she fell in, and the pieces of ice cut off her head—the *lex talionis* being righteously exercised.

Blood marks the path to his untimely bier ;
 The curse of widows and the orphan's tear
 Cry high to heaven for vengeance on his head ;
 Alive detested, and accurst when dead.

There is an eye of vengeance which sees all things.

Remember ! Heaven has an avenging rod :
 To smite the poor is treason against God.

Christ substituted His own body in our room, to receive the whole stroke of that dreadful retribution inflicted by the hand of an angry omnipotence.

Never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.

You may expect from one person that which you have done to another.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Mazentius built a bridge to entrap Constantine, and was overthrown on that very spot.

Bajazet, surnamed The Thunderer, Sultan of Turkey, was carried about by Tamerlane, Emperor of Tartary, in an iron cage in which he had intended to carry Tamerlane.

Adoni-bezek had cut off the thumbs and great toes of seventy kings : and as he did so it was done to him.—JUDGES i. 6, 7.

Samuel tells Agag : "As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women."—1 SAM. xv. 33.

Haman built a new gallows for Mordecai, and was hanged on it himself.

It is perfectly equitable that God should in the course of His providence make it appear that He regards the conduct of men, and will retaliate upon all tyrants and oppressors the innocent blood they have shed.

God warns Edom by His prophet Obadiah, "As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee."

"With what measure ye mete," says our Lord, "it shall be measured to you again."

And St. James assures us, "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy."

The sinner's suffering is so very like his sin that he cannot but discern the finger of God.

"Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord."—ROM. xii. 19.

Revenge.

To forget a wrong is wise—to forgive a wrong is the best revenge.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

He who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.

He that revenges, in many cases, does worse than he that did the injury; in all cases as bad.

Revenge we ever find

The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Bonaparte well said, "Vengeance has no foresight."

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed.

I forgive and quite forget old faults:

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

When Louis XII. ascended the throne of France many of the great men of the Court who, when he was merely the Duke of Orleans, had behaved to him with neglect, were afraid to present themselves before him. Louis nobly said: "The King of France disdains to revenge the injuries committed against the Duke of Orleans."

Revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

That it do singe yourself.

The secret wound still lives within the breast.

Revenge—wild justice.

"I will be *even with* my bitterest foe,"

Revenge exclaims, and then *returns the blow*;

"I'll be *superior*," should the Christian say,

And kind *forgiveness* readily display.

Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.

Words well disposed

Have secret force t' appease inflam'd revenge.

Revenge, however sweet, always costs more than it is worth.

If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head; forgive him and enjoy it.

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Makes us covet that which hurts us most.

It is best not to be angry; and best in the next place to be quickly reconciled.

As a Christian I must strive to live that no one may be able to say of me—"There is more gall than honey in him."

Charles I. was called by the Puritans "The man of blood," because he made war on his Parliament.

He that avengeth shall find vengeance from the Lord.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before than to revenge it afterwards.

Revenge dwells only in little minds.

To be able to bear provocation, is an argument of great wisdom: and to forgive it, of a great mind.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

He that waits for an opportunity of taking his revenge, watches to do himself a mischief.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is the spirit of the devil; than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater torment hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept in this case is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practised in a literal sense: "Who, if at any time, in a passion they broke out into opprobrious language, before sunset gave one another their hands, and with a discharge from all injuries; and so with a mutual reconciliation parted friends."

Aggression and injury never justify retaliation.

The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.

P

Riches.

HAVE I obtained my riches honestly? Then I must be thoughtful for others in addition to my own family. I must consider the sick and needy who are living near me, and also those afar off in hospitals and asylums. I must consider the children of the poor, especially those in my own parish, and help to give them a religious education. I must also consider Christ's ministers who are working for next to nothing as curates or incumbents, and help them to give their sons and their daughters an education befitting their position in life.

Riches are oft by guilt or baseness earn'd.

But my riches are the gift of God, since they have not been acquired or increased by oppression of the poor, or by any other wrong-doing. I must therefore use God's gift to His glory, not my own.

Riches why doth He confer?
That the rich may minister
To the children of distress.

Here is good advice: Get riches justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

Hasten not to become rich, lest thou quickly become poor.

Some shrewd man has observed: "Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them who despair of them."

It is a true saying, "Riches find friends for men."
It has been asked—

To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?

The greatest privilege which as a rich man I enjoy over my poor neighbours, is that which I too seldom exercise—the privilege of making them happy.

My neighbours may perhaps say of me, "We see what he has, and therefore are sometimes tempted to envy him; could we see how little he enjoys, we should often pity him."

As a Christian man to whom God has given riches, I must take care that my riches are an incentive to every good work; and I must remember that my great fortune is my great liberty to do good. God claims it as a special part of His prerogative to have the entire disposal of riches.

Let me hear what three heathen writers say of riches. "Riches," writes Ovid, "are incentives to every kind of wickedness." Seneca observes that "a great fortune is a great slavery." Plutarch says, "Riches are for the most part hurtful to those who possess them."

I find these words in ECCLESIASTICUS (xiii. 23): "When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue; and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds: but if the poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this? and if he stumble they will help to overthrow him."

Let me now hear what God hath said: "Let not the rich man glory in his riches."—JER. ix. 23. "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."—PS. lxii. 10. "He that trusteth in his riches shall fall."—PROV. xi. 28. "Riches profit not in the day of wrath."—PROV. xi. 4. Our Saviour warns us of "the deceitfulness of riches," and His Apostle, St. Paul, exhorts us not to trust in "uncertain riches, but in the living God."

I must then not trust in my riches, but in Him Who saith, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." I must not glory in my riches, but in Him Who has given me all things richly to enjoy.

Riches, honours, and pleasures are the sweets which destroy the mind's appetite for its heavenly food; poverty, disgrace, and pain are the bitters which restore it.

I must consider that I am only a trustee for what I possess, and must show my wealth rather in doing good than merely in having it.

I must not reserve my benevolence for purposes after I am dead; for if I give not till I die, I plainly show that I would not part with my riches then if I could keep them any longer.

I must not spend my riches in seeking my own glory and my own pleasure, but must rather devote them to the service of God, and the good of my neighbours.

It is a very great, though sad and scandalous truth, that rich men are esteemed and honoured, while the ways by which they grow rich are abhorred.

Sabbath Day.

“REMEMBER the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.”—EXOD. xx. 8.

The Sabbath is a bright memorial that God has not forgotten man, but that there is yet mercy in store for the desolate sons and daughters of Adam.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow :
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.

Let us try to forget our worldly cares for one day at least. Have we not higher and holier themes on which to meditate?

All experience testifies to the need and value of the Sabbath, for physical, mental, and spiritual rest.

Homer writes, about B.C. 890 : “Then came the seventh day that is sacred. . . . It was the seventh day wherein all things were made perfect.”

Hesiod, flourished B.C. 735, styles this day, “The illustrious light of the sun.”

Philo, born about B.C. 20, asserts the Sabbath to be a festival not peculiar to any one people or country, but common to the whole world ; and that it may be named the general and public festival, and that of the nativity of the world.

Josephus, born A.D. 37, declares that no city of Greeks or barbarians could be found which did not acknowledge a seventh day's rest from labour.

Tertullian, A.D. 190—220, says in his ‘Apology’ : “If we, like them (the Persians), celebrate Sunday as a festival and day of rejoicing, it is from a reason vastly different from that of worshipping the sun.”

Lucian, born about 90 B.C., tells us that children at school were exempted from their studies on the seventh days.

Clemens Alexandrinus, flourished 200 A.D., says : “The Greeks as well as the Hebrews observe the seventh day as holy.”

Porphry, flourished A.D. 300, relates that the Phœnicians consecrated one day in seven as sacred. And Theophilus of Antioch, writing of the seventh day, calls it “the day which all mankind celebrate.”

Adam Smith: "The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claims to Divine authority."

Sir Walter Scott: "Give to the world one half of Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other half."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!

Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd

The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

The Sabbath day is called by the Jews, "The day of light;" by the Africans, "the day of silence;" by the Cree Indians, "the praying day;" by the early Christians, "the queen of days."

Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,

'Tis angel's music; therefore come not late.

On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;

Blessings are plentiful and ripe,

More plentiful than hope.

If there be any person in a country enlightened with the Gospel, who would banish the blessing of the Sabbath from the world, he must be a stranger to all the feelings of humanity, as well as to all the principles of religion and piety.

The ends of this Divine institution are these:—That Jehovah may be worshipped, nations benefited, man instructed, and families devoted to the service of God.

Our Saviour Christ, Who is Lord of the Sabbath, fulfilling the work of our redemption by His resurrection upon the first day of the week, and by His mission of the Holy Ghost miraculously the first day of the week, and by the secret message of His Spirit to the Apostles and the primitive Church, hath translated the observation of the seventh day to the first day of the week.

And every Sabbath should be pass'd

As if we knew it were our last;

For what would dying people give

To have one Sabbath more to live!

Satire.

SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own ; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures, because the remedy is loved.
This great work must be most exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed ;
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down :—
A satire's smile is sharper than his frown.

"Of satires," said Frederick the Great, "I think as Epictetus did : 'If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself ; if it be a lie, laugh at it.' By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse ; I go through my appointed daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road."

Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence.

* * * *

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are and those that are not the proper objects of it.

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.

Playful satire may sometimes reform, where serious indignation would be of no avail.

For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.

* * * *

Horace, with sly, insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face ;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently probed the wound ;

With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled,
But made the desperate passes when he smiled.

The ordinary subjects of satire are such as excite the greatest indignation in the best tempers.

A false satire ought to be recanted for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured.

On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.—*Swift*.

Those arrows of yours, though they have hit me, they have not hurt me; they had no killing quality.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers.

The tongues of mocking persons are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible;
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Mr. Speaker Abbott having spoken in slighting terms of some of Moore's poems, the poet wrote in return the following biting epigram:

They say he has no heart; but I deny it,
He *has* a heart—and gets his speeches by it.

A man resents with more bitterness a satire upon his abilities than his practice.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills; yet told,
The listener wonders how you thought it cold;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.

Self.

SELF-CONTROL.

"I kept me from mine iniquity."

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—*Milton*.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away.—*Watts*.

He is a fool who cannot be angry : but he is a wise man who will not.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself.

SELF-DENIAL. It is safer and wiser to abate somewhat of our lawful enjoyments, than to gratify our desires to the utmost extent of what is permitted.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

SELF-DECEIT. No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

SELFISHNESS.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.

There are too many who reverse both the principles and the practice of the apostles ; they become all things to all men, not to serve others but themselves ; and they try all things, only to hold fast by that which is bad.

He who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good is a poor frozen churl.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE. Know thyself—no one knows the author of this saying. He that knows himself knows others. The first

step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. If we know ourselves we shall remember the condescension, benignity, and love that is due to *inferiors*; the affability, friendship, and kindness we ought to show to *equals*; the regard, deference, and honour we owe to *superiors*; and the candour, integrity, and benevolence we owe to *all*.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Thou, who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thyself.

SELF-PRaise.

There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.

SELF-RESPECT. Who will adhere to him that abandons himself?

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS. It is the devil's masterpiece to make us think well of ourselves. Every man is born a Pharisee. Perhaps the most insidious form of self-righteousness is a professed dissatisfaction with our own works and ways. As Luther used to say, "Adopting the publican's prayer with the Pharisee's spirit."

"Thou which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

—ROM. ii. 21.

"Do thyself no harm."—ACTS xvi. 28.

"In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works."—TITUS ii. 7.

Let us not be over-curious about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind the excellencies of other men while we reckon up our own faults, for then shall we be well-pleasing to God.

None are sent away from Christ but those who come to Him full of themselves.

THINKING ONLY OF SELF. Of all that have tried the selfish experiment, let one come forth and say he has succeeded. He that has made gold his idol—has it satisfied him? He has toiled in the fields of ambition, has he been repaid? He that has ransacked every theatre of enjoyment, is he content? Can any answer in the affirmative? Not one. And when his conscience shall ask him, and ask it will, "Where are the hungry to whom you gave meat? the thirsty to whom you gave drink? the stranger whom you sheltered? the naked whom you clothed? the imprisoned whom you visited? the sick whom you ministered unto?" How will he feel when he must answer, "I have done none of these things—I thought only of myself!"

"If I honour myself, my honour is nothing."—JOHN viii. 54.

Self-sufficiency.

Do I want to know the man against whom I have most reason to guard myself? My looking-glass will give me a very true likeness of his face. Every time I look therein I should go away if not a sadder yet a wiser man.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

If I speak in public in a noisy self-sufficient manner my listeners may perhaps with justice describe my speech as—

A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

I must not be so vain as to wish to be thought *Abnormis sapiens*—intuitively knowing.

Let me remember that the place I fill in the world may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

A self-sufficient person refuses the assistance of every one in whatever he is called upon to do.

There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty or sense,
Unknowing in her interest, trade or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause.

No man is so wise but may easily err if he will take no other counsel but his own.

He that trusts to his own wisdom proclaims his own folly.

Direct not him whose way himself shall choose. Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.

Some people never learn anything, for this reason, they understand everything too soon.

You should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself . . . To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

How many are

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties !

Socrates was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public.

Horace speaks of some one who says—

My lofty head shall strike the stars.

Many are deceived by their own vain opinion.

We should all remember—

The world is too strong for one man.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others, and they in return are little disposed to like him.

Though we must not be self-sufficient, it is nevertheless true that mental energy and self-reliance are the virtues that ensure success.

Virgil wrote to this effect—

For they can conquer who believe they can.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives to himself.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.

My best friend may often feel constrained to say to me—

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day.

Who'er imagines prudence all his own,
Or deems that he hath power to speak and judge
Such as none other hath, when they are known,
They are found shallow.

I must be emptied of myself before I can be filled with the Spirit. I must not trust in my own heart, nor lean to mine own understanding, but in the all-wise God whose wisdom is infinite. I must take counsel of Him, and He will direct my paths. "Our sufficiency is of God."—2 COR. iii. 5.

Sin.

"SIN is the transgression of the law."—1 JOHN iii. 4.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."—EZEK. xviii. 4.

Resist the beginning of sin, because then we have the most power, and sin the least.

The gains of sin are a dead loss.

He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin must compare its promises and its payments together.

Man, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels with the act a strong remorse within.

The reasons for any sin are never so great as the reasons against it.

Do nothing to-day that you are likely to repent of to-morrow.

A small wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

The sin of a moment may be the sorrow of a life.

Satan first blinds, then binds.

He who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

Sow in sin, reap in sorrow.

Companions in sin are no comforters in sorrow. They are like shadows: they keep with us in the sunshine, but leave us in the dark.

The worst kind of men are those who do not care when others see them doing wrong.

For he that first conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault;
Then what must he expect who still proceeds
To finish sin, and work of thought in deeds?

Sins go not alone, but follow one another as do the links of a chain. The sinner may live in a calm, but he will die in a storm; he that lives graceless dies peaceless.

Just as the broadest rivers run

From small and distant springs,

The greatest crimes that men have done

Have grown from little things.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin;

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

"Many," says John Newton, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there *is* evil, and that there is *a way to escape it*, and with this I begin and end."

Sin is the only thing which God hates, and almost the only thing that man loves.

The wages that sin bargains for with the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, torment, and destruction.

There is more bitterness following upon sins ending than there ever was sweetness flowing from sins acting.

Those who sin for profit will never profit by their sins.

All the difference between sin latent and breaking out into act is that man now sees what God saw before. Our compunction is generally for the discovery of it.

He that hath tasted of the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

He that goes too near sin to-day, may fall into it to-morrow. Prudence will not always venture to the brink of innocence.

When men have the heart to do a very bad thing, they seldom want the face to bear it out.

Sin is as universal as the darkness which symbolizes it. From the monarch to the beggar there is no difference; "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Sinful corruption is a poison so subtle, that it pierces into all the powers of the soul; so contagious, that it infects all the actions; so obstinate, that only omnipotent grace can heal it.

Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage; for the further it goes, the faster it will increase.

How oft it haps, that when within,
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wise speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

It is the greatest of all sins always to continue in sin.

Nothing will grow weak with age but that which will at length die with age; which sin never does.

Harbour not any known sin in thy bosom.

There are no little sins, or venial sins: all are great, all are mortal. Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse the soul from sin.

There are three things a true Christian desires with respect to sin: justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.

Soul.

"COME unto me : hear, and your soul shall live."—ISA. lv. 3.

Aristotle says : "It is hard to pronounce whether the soul be not related to the body as a sailor to his boat."

Cicero says : "Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, is something celestial and divine ; and from that account must necessarily be eternal."

Reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right.

Whoever saw his own soul ? No man. Yet what is there more present, or what to each man nearer than his own soul ? Spiritual things are not to be seen but with the eye of the spirit. Therefore he that in earth will see the Godhead of Christ, let him open the eyes, not of his body, but of his mind, but of his faith, and he shall see Him present, whom eye hath not seen ; he shall see Him present and in the midst of them. Wheresoever two or three be gathered together in His name, he shall see Him present with us even unto the end of the world. What said I ? Shall he see Christ present ? Yea, he shall both see and feel Him, dwelling within Him as he doth his own proper soul. For Christ dwelleth and abideth in the mind and heart of him who fasteneth all his trust in Him.—*Edward VI.*

The soul of the Christian shall be

Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means without sinning against his own soul ! Any other issue is doubtful ; the evil effect on himself is certain.

The soul that lives, ascends frequently, and runs familiarly, through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs. So do thou lead on thy heart, and bring it to the palace of the Great King.

The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes ; nor will he lend
His heart to aught that doth on time depend.

There is no greater charity in the world than to save a soul ; nothing that pleases God better ; nothing that can be in our hands greater or more noble ; nothing that can be a more lasting and delightful honour.

Let those who are instrumental in bringing one sheep into the fold of Christ on earth remember that they add one harp to the chorus of heaven.

I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.
Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine !
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine ;—
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

The soul of man is a building of God : He hath laid out the treasures of His wisdom, power, and goodness in this noble structure ; He built it for a habitation for Himself to dwell in : and indeed such noble rooms as the understanding, will, and affections, are too good for any other to inhabit. But sin hath set open the gates of this hallowed temple, and let in the abomination which maketh desolate. All the doors of the soul are barred and chained up against Christ by ignorance and infidelity : He seeks admission into the soul which He made, but findeth none. A forcible entrance He will not make ; but expects that the will shall bring Him the keys of the soul as to its rightful owner.

Consider what two petitions Christ couples together in His prayer ; when my body, which every day is hungry, can live without God's giving it daily bread, then and no sooner shall I believe that my soul, which daily sinneth, can spiritually live without God's forgiving it its trespasses.

The soul can only be satisfied in the fruition of God. The favour of God, the renewed image of God in the soul and communion with Him—these are blessings I must daily desire and seek.

Study.

THERE are more men ennobled by study than by nature.—*Cicero*.

If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life ; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day ; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others.—*Seneca*.

The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance.

The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament in discourse, and for ability in the judgment and disposition of business. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use ; but there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation.—*Bacon*.

Other things may be seized with might or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only with study.

The accuracy of study is of far greater importance than its extent.

There are three gradations in the modes of study—hearing, teaching, writing. It is a good and easy method to hear ; it is a better and easier to teach ; and the best and easiest of all is to write.

The object of all studies should be, neither celebrity, advantage, nor knowledge for its own sake, but furniture to enable you to serve God in your generation.

We must be careful that all our studies draw us to the Bible, instead of merely drawing the Bible to our studies.

He that will deserve the name of a Christian must be such a man as excelleth through the knowledge of Christ and His doctrine ; in modesty and righteousness of mind, in constancy of

life, in virtuous fortitude, and in maintaining sincere piety towards the one and the only God, who is all in all.—*Eusebius*.

"Though the study of the Bible must be for the present and for some time the centre of all studies," says Dr. Arnold, "there is meanwhile no study of whatever kind which will not have its share in the general effect. At this time in the maturity of mankind, as with man in the maturity of his powers, the great lever which moves the world is knowledge, the great force is the intellect. St. Paul has told us that 'though in malice we must be children, in understanding we ought to be men.' If we have made mistakes careful study may teach us better."

But when deserted by ungrateful friends,
Delightful studies make some small amends;
At least the mind from troubles disengage,
And smooth the harsh severities above,
Enrich our souls for greater joys of age,
Where all is glory, ecstasy, and love.

* * * * *
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

The better we pray the better we study. Omit either and the other is lost labour

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
Must drudge, like Selden, day and night,
And in the endless labour die.

Selden, before he died, sent for Archbishop Usher and Dr. Langbaine. He said that he had surveyed most part of the learning that was among the sons of men; that he had his study full of books and papers of most subjects in the world; yet he could not recollect any passage out of infinite books he was master of wherein he could rest his soul save out of the Holy Scriptures; wherein the most remarkable passage that lay most upon his spirit was *TITUS* ii. 11—14.

"Thy testimonies are my study."—*Ps. cxix. 99, P. V.*

Sympathy.

"REJOICE with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—ROM. xii. 15. "Having compassion one of another."—1 PET. iii. 8. Thus wrote two of our Lord's Apostles as they were inspired by the Holy Spirit.

Horace says: "The human countenance smiles on those who smile, and weeps with those who weep."

Virgil writes: "Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction"—the words of Dido, the reputed foundress of Carthage, to Æneas, the Trojan hero. A modern writer, therefore, well may say—

"For with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing."

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart. He is therefore rightly called a Christian who is ready to help all.

Jesus Christ said (MATT. xv. 32): "I have compassion on the multitude;" and on three occasions it is written of Him that He was "moved with compassion":—

His heart was made of tenderness,
And overflowed with love.

Seneca says: "When you see a man in distress, acknowledge him at once as your fellow-man."

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

While we are in the way let us bear one another's burdens that we may rest together at the end of the way.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

But wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

He that is not concerned that his brother should not perish is in danger of perishing himself.

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

The Portuguese Andrada continued in an African prison, and laden with fetters that he might continue to console his fellow-prisoners. This he preferred to his own personal freedom.

The nature of this passion is to put us in the place of another in whatever circumstances he is in, and to affect us in like manner; so that this passion may, as occasion requires, turn either on pain or pleasure.

I must so cultivate this passion in my own home, that it may be true of me—figuratively, of course—as it was of some sympathetic soul, whose friend thus spake or wrote to him—

“And thou away, the very birds are dumb.”

Let me never need these exhortations: And from the prayer of want and plaint of woe, oh, never, never turn away thine ear—and make not an hungry soul sorrowful; neither provoke a man in his distress.

I must always feel for others, and always help all I can.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress.

A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

And share

The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another.

Oh! let pity lead to *action*,

For the world is full of need;

There are many eyes that water,

There are many hearts that bleed.

I must remember that

Sympathy without relief

Is like mustard without beef.

If I manifest my sympathy with my neighbour by my words only, I lay myself open to this just reproach—

His mouth and heart are wide apart.

* * * *

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,

And fix'd by heaven's decree,

That all the true delights of man

Should spring from sympathy.

Talking.

IF I chance to talk a little while, forgive me.

Talkers are commonly vain, and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not.

What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current from the tongue,
Without the mind.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it; for error is always talkative.

We should be as careful of our words as our actions, and as far from speaking as doing ill.

One doth not know
How much an ill-word may empoison liking.

Men who have but little business are generally great talkers.

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
His . . . theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more;
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now.

As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so they that have the least wit are the greatest babblers.

Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right,
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair;
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare;
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—"To be sure"—"No doubt."

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.

If you light upon an impertinent talker that sticks to you

like a burr, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal free with him, break off the discourse and pursue your business.—*Plutarch*.

"The tongue of a fool," says Socrates, "is the key of his counsel; which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping."

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.

It has been well observed, the tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth. Some men envelope themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are fools, but foolish if they are wise; and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes is narrowly to observe when, where, and how they smile.

'Tis a task indeed to learn to hear;

In that the skill of conversation lies,

That shows or makes you both polite and wise.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
 Soon after He that was our surety died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
 Sought their own village, busied as they went
 In musings worthy of the great event.
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
 And ask'd them, with a kind, engaging air,
 What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
 Inform'd, He gather'd up the broken thread;
 And truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well,
 The tender theme on which they lov'd to dwell,
 That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here."
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
 Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say,
 Did they not burn within us by the way?"

Now theirs was converse such as it behoves
 Man to maintain and such as God approves.

Temptation.

"LEAD us not into temptation."—**MATT. vi. 13.**

Some people meet Satan half-way, and this is the reason he often conquers.

He who has no mind to trade with the devil should be so wise as to keep away from his shop.

Thou shalt be sure to be assaulted by Satan when thou hast received the greatest enlargements from heaven, either at the Sacrament, or in prayer, or in any other way. Then look for an onset. This arch-pirate lets the empty ships pass, but lays wait for them when they return richest laden.

When I cannot be forced, I am fooled out of my integrity. He cannot constrain if I do not consent.

After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere, lest we lose all reverence for ourselves.

When fierce temptation, seconded within
By traitor appetite, and arm'd with darts
Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe.

Every temptation is an opportunity of our getting nearer to God.

We must not flatter ourselves that God will enable us to go through life without being exposed to any sort of temptation, for this world is a place of trial and discipline. Now, without some kind of temptation, we should have no trials, and no opportunity of exercising several of the Christian graces.

Temptations are not sins, but means of perfection, or causes of strengthening the will, and thrown in the way that we may resist them in the fear of God, conquer in His help, and increase our reward.

Poverty and wealth have different temptations, but they are equally strong. The rich are tempted to pride and insolence; the poor to jealousy and envy. The envious and discontented poor invariably become haughty and overbearing when rich; for selfishness is equally at the bottom of these opposite evils. Indeed, it is at the bottom of all manner of evils.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Temptation is a file, which rubs off much of the rust of self-confidence.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire it.

I see the devil's hook, and yet cannot help nibbling at the bait.

Temptation is said to be from Satan; but, alas! we sometimes tempt Satan almost as much as he tempts us.

If we follow Satan we shall find the tempter prove a tormentor; if we follow the Spirit we shall find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.

God tempts no man. But we have other tempters;—the world, the flesh, and the devil,—who have all their several ways of tempting. The devil tempts us by suggestions of fancies; the world, by allurements of objects; the flesh, by inclination of will. And these again are all pressed upon us by the devil with the rage of a roaring lion; by the world, with the subtlety of a flattering enemy; by the flesh, with the treachery of a false friend; so that, if force and fraud and falsehood would do it, we were undone. And yet, against all these we may do well enough, for Christ hath overcome the world, broken the serpent's head, and by His death mortified the flesh; and so, no matter now who is against us, if God be with us. And therefore what is then our prayer? That He will be pleased not to use the left hand of His justice to lead us into temptation; but if it be His pleasure to do so, that at least He will yet use the right hand of His mercy, also, to lead us out and to deliver us.

"The devil is glad," saith Augustine, "when we say he made us to sin, for he that so saith will never truly repent of his sin. If Satan's temptations be not entertained by us, then they are Satan's sins only, and but our trials; but if we admit them, and suffer his fiery darts to kindle upon us, then they are his works and ours also."

In the hour of temptation take refuge in the written Word. Answer the tempter with a text of Holy Scripture. Take hold of the sword of the Spirit, and say to the tempter, "Get thee hence."

Thinking.

No man was ever weary of thinking, much less of thinking that he had done well or virtuously.

Man is evidently made for thinking. The true art of thinking is to begin with ourselves, our Author, and our end. And yet, what is it that engrosses the thoughts of the world? Not any of these objects; but pleasure, wealth, honour, and esteem.

He deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.

The three properties of just thinking: What is possible, what is commendable, and what ought to be.

The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.

Constant thought will flow in words unconsciously.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on, for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.

Guard well thy thought;—
Our thoughts are heard in heaven.

The three ornaments of thought: Clearness, correctness, and novelty.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:

Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.

For just experience tells in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

The power of concentration is one of the most valuable of intellectual entertainments.

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

Thoughts must come naturally, like wild flowers; they cannot be forced in a hot-bed—even though moulded by the leaf mould of your past life.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Second thoughts are often the wisest.

Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, many more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and woefully often do, fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds are sure to produce just thoughts.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.

Be careful not to lodge or entertain any evil thoughts in thy mind. Remember that, though in this world's wicked proverb thoughts are free, because men cannot discern them nor punish them, yet they are not free from God's observation, nor from His law, which, being spiritual, binds the thoughts of the heart, as well as the outward man; nor from His justice, which will call us to account for our sinful thoughts; nor from the rebukes and scourgings of an awakened conscience, which are no small punishments. If thou wouldst keep thy soul pure, beware of speculative sinfulness.

The subject of a man's thoughts contributes much to the formation of his character. He whose imagination is wont to dwell on the world and worldly things, will be apt to contract a character of a worldly cast. He will be "of the earth, earthy." But he who is used to lift up his thoughts to high and heavenly things, and delights to feed his mind with the prospect of "the glory that shall be revealed" in the bodies of just men raised incorruptible, and in their spirits made perfect; of the excellency of their abode, and the purity of their joys, and the holiness of their companions, and the unmingled godliness of their pursuits and occupations in the presence of God and of Christ, will hardly fail of deriving thence, by God's blessing, and infusing into his own character some particles of a celestial spirit, and of advancing, by means of these "exceeding great and precious promises," in that improvement of the inner man, which St. Peter terms a "partaking of the Divine nature."

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—PROV. xxiii. 7.

"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts."—MATT. xv. 19.

"Cleanse, O Lord, the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit."

Time.

“REDEEMING the time.”—EPH. v. 16.

Let none presume to count upon to-morrow, who cannot even command to-day.

Ignatius when he heard the clock strike used to say, “Now I have one more hour to answer for.”

On the sun-dial at All Souls, Oxford, are these words : “*Pereunt et imputantur*,—The hours perish, and are laid to our charge.”

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss ; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mis-spend it are the greatest of all prodigals.

Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind.

To choose time is to save time.

Now of the present the living reality is sweet, of the future the hope, of the past the memory !

Past and to come seem best ; things present worst.

Time—one eternal now.

Now is it safe, think you, to pass this day ?

A hard heart is a provoking heart ; and, as long as it continues hard, continues provoking God, and despising the Holy Ghost. To-day, therefore, hear His Voice ; that is, this present day. But which is that day ? It is this very time wherein you stand before God, and in which you hear me. If you embrace the opportunity, happy are you ; if not, you shall give as dear an account as for anything you ever heard in your life. There is no dallying with God ; take His proffer, take Him at His word in a matter of salvation. He calls thee “to-day,” peradventure He will speak no more.—*Alp. Usher*.

Time—that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities.

Time comes stealing on by night and day. Time consoles. Time destroys all things. Time is anger’s medicine. . . . Time is the old justice that examines all offenders. . . . The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose. The

great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time. . . .
Time brings truth to light.

The time of the fool is long, because he does not know what to do with it; that of the wise man short, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts.

The slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time.

Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.

Live much in a short time. "Redeem the time," and repair thy omissions in some manner, by redoubling thy diligence in all thy duties.

There is no remedy for time mis-spent,

No healing for the waste of idleness,

Whose very languor is a punishment

Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

"At the Greek Kalends." The Kalends formed a division of the Roman month which had no place in the Greek reckoning of time. The phrase was therefore used by the Romans to denote that the thing could never happen.

O call back yesterday, bid time return !

No enjoyment on earth is so permanent as the real enjoyment of time. Man has many duties to perform ; therefore the good that he has it in his power to do he must do immediately. We lengthen the duration of our lives by wise thoughts and useful actions.

Time is precious, but its value is unknown to us. We shall obtain this knowledge when we can no longer profit by it. The day will come when a quarter of an hour will appear of more value to us than all the riches of the universe.

O ! that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. xc. 12.

Trials.

A TENDER infant not able to speak doth by tears prophesy of the sorrows incident to the life of man. He speaks not, and yet prophesies.

Wonder not at your trials, be they ever so strange and grievous and distressing. "All is well." Some secret end is to be answered which you see not. There is not one of our many trials which we could well spare.

Have we more need to read the lamentations of Jeremiah than to sing the Song of Solomon? God would have it so, that we should look for another home and a better rest.

Suffering is often sent to fit us for God's purposes by unfitting us for our own.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

Christians have many crosses, but no curses. God may cast thee down, but He will not cast thee off. . . . The godly have martyred hearts.

The martyrs—

They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame
And chas'd them up to heaven.

Crosses—make yourselves none, and make good use of all.
Menander said—

But we besides inevitable ills,
Do of ourselves add others to the heap.

If the providence of God be dark, God may send forth a light into you, and give you an understanding of it.

We must learn to bless a taking God as well as a giving God.

I know not how this languid life
May life's vast ends fulfil,
He knows, and that life is not lost
That answers well His will.

If a man will make his nest below, God will put a thorn in it; and if that will not do He will set it on fire.

The statue exists in the marble before it is carved out.

We write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value.

That which we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it: but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not give us.

Every man shows fair in prosperity, but the main trial of the Christian is in suffering.

The noblest heart is his who best
Bears undeserved ill.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that men throw stones.

I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning.

In all emergencies play the man.

Vexations duly borne
Are but as trials, which Heaven's love to man
Sends for his good.

Seneca says: "Accustom yourself to that which you bear ill, and you will bear it well. Patience and resignation will lighten every difficulty."

Be suffering what it may, time will bring summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.

O how excellent are the crosses of Providence! All other crosses are of no value.

As a Christian I should daily exercise faith in Christ and love to God; then I shall be enabled to endure and to perform whatever may come in God's providence, in submission, in thankfulness, in silence.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."—ACTS xiv. 22.

"Glory be to God for all events" was Chrysostom's usual doxology, and he said it just before he died.

My will is sure to be crossed this day, I should therefore prepare myself for this trial.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd.

Trusting in God.

"TRUST in Him at all times."—Ps. lxii. 8.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—PROV. iii. 5.

To trust in ourselves is presumption; to trust in riches, folly; to trust in princes is to provoke disappointment; the only safe trust is in God.

I never trusted God but I found Him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.

We must encourage our confidence in God with this, that He made heaven and earth, and He who did that can do anything.

We seldom or never see those forsaken who trust in God.

Keep God thy friend in prosperity, and thou mayest with confidence resort to Him and rely upon Him in adversity.

The promise may be long delayed,
But never comes too late!

When we trust in frames and feelings, as soon as they are gone the soul is discouraged and dejected; but when we trust in God's promises, which are always the same, then it is we are right; and a sense of God's unchangeable love towards us, proceeding from such trust, fires our souls with a continual love towards Him.

They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail!
They trust in armies, and their courage dies;
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;
But all they trust in withers, as it must,
When He commands in Whom they place no trust.

God sustains the world, and He governs it.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their father!

Endless all malice, if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if He His help deny;
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day.

Lady Jane Grey.

When God's way is in the sea, so that He cannot be traced, yet we are sure that His way is in the sanctuary, so that He may be trusted.

If God be our guide, He will be our guard.

He only may rest in God that hath been restless in the means. He that can fully lay out himself in God's way, may confidently lay up his faith in God's providence. I must sow my seed, and wait upon the clouds and the sun; do my work, and leave the event to God. I must neither be idle in the means, nor make an idol of the means. I must not presume upon the means without God; nor upon God without the means. Not upon the means without God, because the pipe cannot convey except the spring communicates; not upon God without the means, because the goings forth of Providence are always in the paths of diligence. I must therefore lay my hand to the means, as if they were all in all; and yet raise my eye above the means, as if they were nothing at all.

We must beware of presumption in expecting too much, as well as of unbelief in expecting too little.

God loves to be trusted; there are two things of which He is jealous—our love and our trust.

Trust shows the difference between a dead faith and a living faith. There may be faith without trust, though there cannot be trust without faith. The devils believe, but do not trust. Does my faith rise into trust?

It is frequently the glory of poor unlettered Christians to rejoice in the simplicity of trust, as a humble Christian well said, "I can't argue, but I can trust."

One chief end of what often seems so mysterious in the providence of God is, to train God's people to trust their Father more. Why do not Christians trust the Lord more fully? Is it not often because they do not know what He would do with them, and they have lurking suspicions that it might take them too far?

Believers, whilst resting peacefully in trust, should beware of trusting in their trust! It must not be faith they look to, but Christ, the object of their faith.

Truth.

THE best way to find out truth is to be much in the study of the Scriptures.

As God is the author of truth, so He is the teacher of it. Truth is so great a perfection as to have led Pythagoras to say that if God were to render Himself visible to man, He would choose light for His body and truth for His soul.

The grand character of truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion.

Great is the strength of truth. Truth will prevail.

Truth is but one, error endless, and interminable. Men miss truth more often from their indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity.

Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of the mind. The greater number of free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon a subject, the more truth is promoted.

It is easy to exclude the noon-tide light by closing the eyes ; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will ; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie than the will can choose an apparent evil.

There is much pains in the search of truth, much skill in finding it ; the value of it once found requites the cost of both. Truth lies in a deep well.

A valuable truth can never want the meretricious dress of wit to set it off : this dress is a strong presumption of the falsehood of what it covers.

Truth, though sometimes clad

In painful lustre, yet is always welcome ;

Dear as the light that shows the lurking rock ;

'Tis the fair star, that ne'er into the main

Descending, leads us safe through stormy life.

It is doubtful whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman, and those who release her from the cobwebbed

shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering* her.

The search after truth should never be discouraged for fear of its consequences. The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of error and superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or the best interests of mankind. Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove. Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter ?

* * * * *
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

* * * * *
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

"I do not know," says Newton, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Nearly all errors are the perversion of some truth. Theories are not verities. Half truths are often lies.

Judge not truth by outward appearance. Leave the outward show, and see by the Word of God what truth is. Ask and demand of your book, the Testament of Jesus Christ, what you should think, and what you should stay upon for a certain truth.

Whatsoever truth is brought unto us contrary to the Word of God, it is not truth, but falsehood and error ; whatsoever honour done unto God disagrees from the honour required by His word, it is not honour unto God, but blasphemy.

Let us go to God for truth ; for truth cometh from God only.

But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

Truthfulness.

I PROFESS to be a Christian, and therefore a follower of Him Who is the Truth, and of Whom it may be truly said, "The law of truth was in His mouth," and of Whom it is written, "Neither was any deceit in His mouth."

As the same mind must be in me that was in Christ Jesus, so must the same law of truth be in my mouth that was in His. I must therefore at all times and in all things speak the truth—with my heart as well as with my mouth.

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.

I fear nothing

What can be said against me.

Above all things always speak the truth; your word must be your bond through life.

Oh, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.

Epaminandos was so careful of truth that he would not tell a lie even in sport.

I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Suppressio veri et suggestio falsi—the suppression of truth and the suggestion of falsehood are the strongest charges that can be made against an orator or writer.

Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies and those that fear the rod.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Horace wrote :

"Fictions to please should bear the face of truth."

'Tis strange but true; for

Truth is always strange; stranger than fiction.

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive !

Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviations from truth will end.

Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles, and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into actions.

The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare.

Truth has all the advantages of appearance, and many more; and upon every account sincerity is true wisdom. As to the affairs of this world integrity hath many advantages over all the arts of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way; it hath less of trouble and difficulty of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last, when deceit and cunning, which continually grow weaker and less effectual, will finally fail us.

How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of love !

I must always so speak that every friend and every enemy may be forced to say—

“Falseness cannot come from thee ;”

and I in return may be able to challenge all men like the patriarch Job: “If it be not so who will make me a liar, and make my speech worth nothing?” Let me remember that it is written: “Lying lips are but for a moment; but the lip of truth shall be established for ever.”

Usefulness.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.

I must not concern myself with the affairs of others unless they desire it. Under the pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection.

He fills his space with deeds, and not with ling'ring years.

Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew—
Pray heaven for a human heart.

Prepare yourself for greater usefulness, by fidelity in little things.

Use what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing best.

Be useful to your friends, agreeable to all.

Strive

In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.

I must not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy.

Where there is a power to perform, God does not accept the will.

Mr. Howe, when chaplain to Cromwell, was applied to for protection by men of all parties, in those eventful times; and it is said of him that he never refused his assistance to any person of worth, whatever might be his religious tenets. "Mr. Howe," said the Protector to his chaplain, "you have asked favours for everybody besides yourself; pray, when does *your* turn come?" "*My* turn, my Lord Protector," said Mr. Howe, "is always come when I can serve *another*."

It is false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for everybody can do something. Everybody can set a good example, be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; everybody has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some help to guide through life.

In the school of Pythagoras, 555 B.C., it was a point of discipline, that if among the probationers there were any who grew weary of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, they were to regard them as dead; and upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and to raise them tombs with inscriptions, to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to refine their souls above that wretched state.

"During the course of my life," says Burke, "I have acquired some knowledge of men and manners, in active life, and amidst occupations the most various. From that knowledge, and from all my experience, I now protest that I *never* knew a man that was *bad* fit for any service that was *good*. There was always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound, and spoiling it. The man seems *paralytic* on that side; his muscles there have lost their tone and natural properties; they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of anything good is a physical impossibility in such a man. He *could not* if he would, and it is not more certain that he *would not* if he could, do a good and virtuous action."

Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your character; and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

It is a great satisfaction, at the close of life, to be able to look back on the years that are past, and to feel that you have lived, not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life.

Dr. Brocklesby was so assiduous in being useful to his fellow-creatures, that he was equally acceptable to the poor and the rich. When some of the former through delicacy did not apply to him, he would exclaim, "Why am I treated thus? Why was I not sent for?"

The last words of Charles V. of France: "I find that kings are happy but in this—that they have the power of doing good."

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,

With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;

To misery's moving cries to yield relief,

And be the sure resource of drooping age.

Vanity.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools.

Vanity makes man ridiculous, pride odious, and ambition terrible.

Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Vanity is the foundation of the most ridiculous and contemptible vices—the vices of affectation and common lying.

When men will not be reasoned out of a vanity, they must be ridiculed out of it.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Guard against that vanity which courts a compliment, or is fed by it.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under the love which it cannot return.

Grant me discernment,
And I'll grant it you.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation, but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

Vanity is the canker of religion: it gnaws like a worm at the root; and when we look for the harvest, the fruit is dust and bitterness. How anxiously therefore should we watch against its inroads! How carefully should we draw the fence round our hearts!

“Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions,” says Evelyn, “I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might thus be communicated to posterity, that all is vanity

which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.

Pride in former ages may have been held in too good repute; vanity is so now. Pride, which is the fault of greatness and strength, is sneered at and abhorred: to vanity, the froth and consummation of weakness, every indulgence is shown. For pride stands aloof by itself; vanity is unable to stand, except by leaning on others, and is careful therefore of giving offence; nay, is ready to fawn on those by whom it hopes to be fed.

Some men make a vanity of telling their faults. But they who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

The man is vain who writes for praise;
Praise no man e'er deserved who sought no more.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath great learning by getting a great library.

That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than of the thing given (or of the objects or persons to whom we have given). The same writer, Rochefoucault, says, virtue would not go so far if vanity did not bear her company—*i.e.* we are forwarded in our best actions by a secret wish to gain the good opinion of others.

I must as a Christian entertain humble thoughts of my own knowledge, and not be so vain as to think it greater than it is. I must not take an overweening opinion of my own wisdom, as if I wanted neither Divine assistance and guidance, nor yet the advice and counsel of my brethren.

What we all want is a conversion from pride to humility, from high thoughts of ourselves to low thoughts of ourselves, from self-conceit to self-abasement, from the mind of the Pharisee to the mind of the publican.

Vice.

THERE are many diversities of vice ; but it is one never-failing effect of it to live displeased and discontented.

The end of a dissolute life is most commonly a desperate death.

Our pleasant vices
Are made the whip to scourge us.

It has been, and ever will be, lawful to attack vice, if you at the same time spare the individual.

No man ever reached the summit of vice suddenly.

Horace says :

“ We have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is opprest.”

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be lost than to be saved.

Good men make a better bargain, and bad men a worse than is usually supposed ; for the rewards of the one and the punishments of the other not unfrequently begin on this side the grave.

Vicious actions are perpetual perturbations.

We often see—

Virtue in distress and vice in triumph—

but let us remember that “ the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.”

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

The horrible catastrophes that sometimes happen to the vicious are as salutary to others by their warning, as the most brilliant rewards of the virtuous are by their example.

To affirm that a vicious man is only his *own* enemy, is about as wise as to affirm that a virtuous man is only his *own* friend.

One sin another doth provoke.

Reject the society of the vicious; shun the agreeable infidel, and the accomplished profligate. Lay it down as a fixed rule, that no brilliancy of connection, no allurements of rank or fashion, no agreeableness, no wit or flattery, shall tempt you to associate with profligate or openly irreligious men. Make this an absolute rule. It is impossible not to suffer by its neglect. If you do not fall into their vices, still your heart will be estranged from the love of God.

Seneca asks: "Why is there no man who confesses his vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dreams."

"Vice," says Juvenal, "deceives men under the guise and semblance of virtue, since it is frequently grave in bearing, and austere in look and dress."

Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrowed form escapes inquiring eyes.

In all civilized communities there must of necessity exist a small portion of society who are in a great measure independent of public opinion. How then is this seeming advantage balanced in the great account? These privileged individuals, surrounded by parasites, sycophants, and deceivers, too often become the willing victims of self-delusion, flattery, or design. Such persons commence by being their own masters, and finish by being their own slaves, the Heliogabali of excess and the martyrs of disease. Undelighted amidst all delight, and joyless amidst all enjoyment, yet sateless in the very lap of satiety, they eventually receive the full measure of the punishment of their folly, their profligacy, or their vice; nay, they often suffer *more* than other men, not because they are as amenable as their inferiors, but because they go greater lengths. Experience speaks to such in vain, and they sink deeper in the abyss in precise proportion to the height from which they have plunged.

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her seeming pleasures, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Virtue.

THE path of virtue is the path of peace.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm ; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair ;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Money must first be scraped together, and afterwards, forsooth, virtue and all that is amiable *may* then receive some little portion of our attention !—*Horace*.

Let money first be sought,
Virtue is only worth a second thought !

Aristotle says : “ Reason is not implied in kingly power. One may do noble deeds without ruling over land or sea.”

Aristotle divided men into two classes—the many and the refined—*οἱ πολλοί καὶ οἱ παρίεντες*. He it is who tells us that habit is second nature.

Good acts produce good habits.

Habit striketh long and fast,
Second nature 'tis at last.

Euripides says :

“ Small wisdom was it in me to aspire,
When well I might, mixed with the common herd,
Enjoy a lot full equal with the best.
But, ah, how full of vanity is man !
The restless meddling spirits in the state
Are gaped at still and made the country's gods.”

All, or most men, wish that which is noble, but practically choose that which is expedient.

Aristotle says : “ A good man is pleased with good actions as the musical man is with musical tunes.”

Men force each other to do that which is right, though unwilling to do it themselves.

Engage in no amusements which are not strictly harmless, innocent, and rational, and which do not tend to improve the health of the body or the vigour of the mind.

Attend my words, no place but harbours danger ;
In every region virtue finds a foe.

Virtue alone outbids the pyramids ;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

* * * *

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt ;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too ;
And which more blest ? who chained his country, say ;
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day !

Live virtuously, and you cannot die too soon nor live too long.
Moderation is best—excess to be avoided.

Talk they of morals ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
The true morality is love of Thee !

Let me make this choice—God and His will, Christ and His work, the Spirit and His baptism of fire.

A man may have the tongue of an angel with the heart of a devil. It is not enough to have “another heart” like Saul. Another heart may make another man, but it is a new heart alone that makes a new man.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul.

“It is difficult,” says Cicero, “to persuade men that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.”

“Virtue,” says Epicurus, “consisteth of three parts—temperance, fortitude, and justice.”

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honour ; he would shame the world, and not the world him.

In the deepest distress virtue is more illustrious than vice in its highest prosperity.

Virtue has such a peculiar beauty and comeliness that even men of the most opposite character are impelled to reverence it in others whatever be their station.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.

Waiting.

WHY should we be impatient? God's time must be the best time.

God does not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise fair and great
In precept mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon rim;
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled;
Wait patiently for Him.

It may be long; but God has His own good time, and not a minute later than that time will the answer come. We are prone to think God forgets us, when, indeed, we forget ourselves in being so bold as to set God a time of our own, and in being angry that He comes not just then to us. God may sometimes delay His promise, but He will not deny it.

The best answer to the best prayer may be—Wait! “Wait for the promise of the Father,” said Christ to His Apostles. “Blessed are all they that wait for Him,” writes the Psalmist. The Christian, like the Psalmist, saith, “My soul waiteth for the Lord.”

Do we disparage the musician's skill for the jarring and unintelligible touches in the tuning of the instrument, but rather wait for the time he intends to play? If we stay for God's fuller touches of this great instrument, the world, in the way of His providence, it will, like David's harp, chase away that evil spirit from us which is now too apt to censure Him.

It is a serious thing for a Christian to move; he should wait God's call, and when He has it, attend to it; but on no account whatever go out of the path of duty.

Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.
The fruit best worth waiting for often ripens the slowest;

but time and patience, says the Eastern proverb, change the mulberry leaf to satin.

All things come to the feet of him that can wait.

Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay.

Ill news rides fast while good news' baits.

Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Things growing are not ripe till their season. Fruit grows sweeter by not being plucked till fully ripe.

Wait is a hard word to the hungry.

Waiting affords one of the best tests of a chastened and submissive Christian spirit; unmurmuring, cheerful in suspense.

To be able to wait patiently the Lord's time and the Lord's way when our own designs are disappointed is a mark of holy submission and obedience. There are so many things to submit to: the will, because we want what is denied; the judgment, because we thought it right; the hope, for we had looked for it anxiously. And yet the Christian is taught to wait; to tarry the Lord's leisure, and believe, yet not to make haste; to be expectant, but without impatience; to be ardent and yet calm.

I must beware of waiting in a drowsy and heedless spirit, in an impatient and fretful spirit, a self-willed and unchastened spirit. I must not try to hasten God's plan by my own devices.

God generally exercises the passive graces of His people before the active. There is generally a time of preparation before He bestows some great favour, or calls to some special service.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait; not in listless idleness, nor in useless pastime, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavour, always willing, fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion.

Christian, wait; Jehovah reigneth
On His throne of mercy still,
And the wrath of man restraineth
When it worketh not His will.
Be assured the future story
Of the days now dark to you,
Will record His work of glory:
Wait and see what God will do.

War.

"WAR is one of the greatest plagues," says Luther, "that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys States, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it. Pestilence is the least evil of the three, and 'twas therefore David chose it, willing rather to fall into the hands of God than into those of pitiless man."

War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy with the least harm to ourselves, and this, of course, is to be effected by stratagem.

Force is at best

A fearful thing e'en in a righteous cause.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.

"I should prefer the hardest terms of peace to the most just war,"—the favourite maxim of Charles James Fox.

Cicero says: "Even an unjust peace is more advantageous than the justest war."

An officer during an engagement received a ball which struck him near his waistcoat-pocket, where a piece of silver stopped the progress of the nearly-spent ball. The coin was slightly marked at the words *Dei gratia*. This providential circumstance deeply impressed his mind, and led him to read a tract which his beloved and pious sister gave him on leaving home, entitled 'The sin and danger of neglecting the Saviour.' This tract it pleased God to bless to his conversion. The ways of God are wonderful, and in none more than the salvation of sinners.

War is honourable

In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

* * * *

The arms are fair,

When the intent of bearing them is just.

War, even in the best state of an army, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honour, with all the correctives of morality and

religion, is nevertheless so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear then it becomes a crime to shrink from it.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,—
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

If you desire peace prepare for war.

War, war, is still the cry,—war even to the knife.

The existence of war always implies injustice in one, at least, of the parties concerned.

Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Cæsar is estimated at a million fighting men. He fought 520 battles and took 800 cities. His famous despatch—" *Veni, Vidi, Vici*,—I came, I saw, I conquered"—was written to the Senate to announce his overthrow of Pharnaces, king of Pontus, at Zela, 47 B.C. That overthrow took Cæsar three days to accomplish.

The Thirty Years' War was between the Protestants and Papists of Germany, 1618—1648.

WAR-CRIES. The Norman shout was, "God help us." The Welsh war-cry was, "Alleluia." The Spanish war-cry was, "St. Iago ! charge Spain !"

Let the gull'd fools the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

"The only reason," says Dr. Johnson, "why we lament a soldier's death is that we think he might have lived longer."

The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd,
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest.

It is commonly observed among soldiers and seamen that though there is much kindness there is little grief.

The Spartan mother said to her son going to battle as she handed him his shield : "My son, return with this or on it."

"Neither shall they learn war any more."

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Watchfulness.

“WHAT I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”

Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; watchfulness without prayer is presumption.

“Watch unto prayer,” in prayer, after prayer.

Satan watches whether we watch or not.

Other persons watch us, often when we little think it.

He who remembers what has fallen out, will be watchful against what may happen.

Let a man strictly observe the first hints and whispers of good and evil that pass in his heart; this will keep conscience quick and vigilant.

“Nothing can arrest his daring vigilance. For him the summer has no heat, and the winter no ice.”—Boileau’s eulogy on Louis XIV., and often quoted in reference to the first Napoleon.

The real Christian believes; therefore he watches. His faith is operative; therefore it keeps him watchful. It is a faith working by love; therefore it makes him love to watch.

When there is most security there is most cause for fear.

If you watch not, your heart will lie open, and temptations will enter.

He that watcheth not, tempteth the tempter himself, who would not assault us so often did we not invite him.

To one sinner who reads the Bible, there are twenty who read professing Christians. How important then that we should all shine as moral light-houses, that men may not from our shortcomings and sins make shipwreck of their souls.

The holiest Christians who have willing spirits for Christ and His service, must watch and pray, and thereby guard themselves from temptations. They must be always watching diligently, and praying earnestly.

We must always exercise watchfulness in prayer—watch for the fittest praying season; watch our hearts while we are praying that our thoughts do not wander, nor our affections flag; watch after praying that our hearts be not lifted up by any assistance received in the duty, nor be too much dejected, upon the score of those infirmities that mingle themselves with our prayers.

Without perpetual watchfulness and diligence, holiness can

never be attained ; for the moment you begin to relax in these thou wilt feel imbecility, disorder, and disquietude.

"Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." The prayer of Christ is more than sufficient both to strengthen us, be we never so weak ; and to overthrow all adversary power, be it never so strong. This prayer must not exclude our labour ; their thoughts are vain who think that their watching can preserve the city which God Himself is not willing to keep. And are not they as vain who think that God will keep the city for which they themselves are not careful to watch ? The husbandman may not, therefore, burn his plough, nor the merchant forsake his trade, because God hath promised, "I will not forsake thee." And do the promises of God concerning our stability, think you, make it a matter indifferent for us to use or not to use the means whereby to attend or not to attend on reading ?—to pray or not to pray that we fall not into temptations ? Surely if we look to stand in the faith of the sons of God, we must hourly, continually, be providing and setting ourselves to strive. It was not the meaning of our Lord and Saviour, in saying, "Father, keep them in Thy name," that we should be careless to keep ourselves. To our own safety our own watchfulness is required.

Who can reflect upon the temptations of the world, the deceitfulness of his heart, and the natural bent of his inclinations, and not watch constantly, and pray heartily, that God would preserve him by His power through faith unto salvation ?

Wisdom.

"GET wisdom."—PROV. iv. 5. "Wisdom is the principal thing."—PROV. iv. 7.

"The Lord giveth wisdom."—PROV. ii. 6.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."—JAMES i. 5.

"When wisdom entereth into thine heart, . . . discretion shall preserve thee."—PROV. ii. 10, 11.

"The wise shall inherit glory."—PROV. iii. 35.

"Attend unto wisdom."—PROV. v. 1.

* * * *

A wise man is a strong man.

Some men are wise, and some are—otherwise.

The skylark—

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

To know

That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

When wine enters, wisdom goes abroad.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

Affectation of wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.

Affectation is the wisdom of fools, and the folly of many a comparatively wise man. It is an artificial show, an elaborate appearance, a false pretence.

Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow or distress,
Hath never read the page of nature right.

Wisdom without innocency is knavery; innocency without wisdom is foolery: be therefore wise as serpents, and innocent

as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.

It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.

No man is wise at all times.

To be wise too late is the exactest definition of a fool.

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true.

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying.

They are wise who are—

Prepared each change of fortune to endure;

Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;

Skilled in the latent movements of the heart—

Learn'd in the lore which nature can impart—

Searching that sweet philosophy aloud

Which sees the silver lining of the cloud;

Looking for good in all beneath the skies :—

These are the truly wise.

The imputation of being a fool is a thing which mankind, of all others, is the most impatient of, it being a blot upon the prime and specific perfection of human nature.

Most certainly that superior wisdom which corrects, reproves, and informs man against his own inclination, can be no part of himself.

Wisdom says to us: "Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly."

There are but two classes of the wise—the men who serve God because they have found Him, and the men who seek Him because they have found Him not.

Do not question the government of the world, nor the wisdom and righteousness of God therein. Leave God's work unto Him to whom it belongeth to temper and order the several ages of the world in what manner it pleaseth Him. Attend thou on thine own duty; study how to serve God in thy generation; and let the badness of the age thou livest in make thee more wise, more circumspect, more humble.

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."

Wit.

BREVITY is the soul of wit.

What a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking, would the ordinary intercourse of society be without wit to enliven and brighten it! Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our everyday life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the interests of mankind.

Wit is brushwood, judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the more lasting heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.

He who has provoked the shaft of wit, cannot complain that he smarts from it.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

Wit—the pupil of the soul's clear eye.

Much chatter, little wit.

I'll play the whetstone, useless and unfit
Myself to cut, I'll sharpen others' wit.

It is when it enlightens the intellect by good sense, conveyed in jocular expression; when it infringes neither on religion, charity, and justice, nor on peace; when it maintains good humour, sweetens conversation, and makes the endearments of society more captivating; when it exposes what is vile and base to contempt; when it reclaims the vicious, and laughs them into virtue; when it answers what is below refutation; when it replies to obloquy; when it counterbalances the fashion of error and vice, playing off their own weapons of ridicule against them; when it adorns truth; when it follows great examples; when it is not used upon subjects improper for it, or in a manner unbecoming, in measure intemperate, at an undue season, or to a dangerous end—then it is rightly employed.

That is not wit which consists not with wisdom.

The acutest poets and speakers confess that their quickest and most admired conceptions were such as darted into their minds like sudden flashes of lightning, they knew not how nor whence.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive, light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temp'rance and peace insures its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.

Be rather wise than witty; for much wit hath commonly much froth, and 'tis hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer too; and what is said may many times sink deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth ends in sadness.

Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with never so facetious a reproach, remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

It is but an unhappy wit which stirs up enemies against the owners of it.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.

Jest not with another's feelings. He is always in earnest that is hurt.

What may silence wisdom will but provoke wit, whose ambition it is to say most when least is to be said.

You may as well attempt to silence an echo by the strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They both are but the louder for it; they both will have the last word.

He wants wit that wants resolved will.

Wit, as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting to discern and embrace it.

The rays of wit wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong and pain the weakly sight.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

They have a plentiful lack of wit.

Woman.

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
 Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
 If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
 'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave;
 Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.

* * * *

The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command.

What's a table richly spread,
 Without a woman at its head?

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

Where is the man who has the power and skill
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
 And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman.

The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is
 graceful and touching.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a
 State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence
 embraces the whole of life. A wife! a mother! two magical

words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. Theirs is a reign of beauty, of love, of reason—always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

Falsehood and cowardice
Are things that women highly hold in hate.

The Christian is the only religion which presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of many inhuman usages over all the other parts of the world.

O, what makes woman lovely? virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering; an endurance
Through scorn or trial: these call beauty forth.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

'Tis thine
To wipe the mourner's bitter tear away;
'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel-smile the sufferer's bed:
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest.

Woman's gentle voice is able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, to mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends in accents at once powerful and pleasing.

"Mary called Magdalene, and Joanna, and Susanna, and many others, [women] ministered unto Him of their substance."—
LUKE viii. 2, 3.

"She hath wrought a good work upon me. She hath done what she could."

Work.

ALL may of thee partake ;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which, with His tincture, "for Thy sake,"
 Will not grow bright and clean.
 This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be sold.

How sweet is work after rest !

Know what thou canst work at.

Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and have a more compacted tone.

Take it for granted, that there is no excellence without great labour.

Love labour: if you do not want it for food you may for physic.

The modest wants of every day,
 The toil of every day supplies.

Do thine own work. Do one thing at a time.

Do the first thing first. In honouring God and doing His work, put forth all thy strength. Be up and doing—fill up every hour, leaving no crevice or craving for a remorse or a repentance to creep through afterwards.

All things seem hard and difficult to them who have no heart, who easily persuade themselves that cannot be done which they will not do.

Everything that may make us happy is hard ; but we never boggle at that which leadeth to destruction.

And all may do what has by man been done.

The will to do—the soul to dare.

What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

The will gives the work its name. The will is the soul of the work.

Turn in the little seed.

Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall.

Work, and your house shall be duly fed ;

Work, and rest shall be won.

Bodily labour alleviates the pains of the mind.

God hath set

Labour and rest, as day and night, to men successive.

Mental labour should always be accompanied by daily physical exercise. It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not : see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood.

Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

No man is happier than he who loves and fulfils that particular work for the world which falls to his share. Every man should go on working, never debating within himself, nor wavering in doubt whether it may succeed, but labour as if of necessity it must succeed.

No desponding, no repining !
Leisure must by toil be bought ;
Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand and thought.

When we read the lives of distinguished men, we find them almost always hard workers—for instance : Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march ; how early they rose ; how late they watched ; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court ; how many secretaries they kept employed—in short, how hard they worked.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Jesus Christ said : "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."
"I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Jesus Christ saith to every Christian, "Go, work to-day."

The Holy Ghost saith, "Be always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Writing.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well.

To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have at the same time, mind, soul, and taste.

A man with a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding, will always write well; it is owing either to a muddy head, an evil heart, or a sophisticated intellect, that men write badly, and sin either against reason, or goodness, or sincerity. There may be secrets in painting but there are none in style. Whoever wishes to acquire a good style should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

Proper words in their proper places make the true definition of a style.

Style supposes the reunion and the exercise of all the intellectual faculties. The style is the map.

Would you a reader's just esteem engage?

Frequent correct with care the blotted page.

It is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style. An author's diction cannot be taken from him.

A great writer possesses, so to speak, an individual and unchangeable style, which does not permit him easily to preserve the anonymous.

Such labour'd nothings in so strange a child,

Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

It is the great excellence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book will hold.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.

Style is the physiognomy of the mind.

As there is in some flowers an exquisite scent, and in some fruits a delicious flavour, to express which no language has a

name ; so there is in style a sweetness and a delicacy which eludes description, and can only be perceived by the sensibility of taste.

Brevity is in writing what charity is to all other virtues. Righteousness is worth nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other.

Close be your language ; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep when they are exceeding near the surface.

The habit of committing our thoughts to writing is a powerful means of expanding the mind, and producing a logical and systematic arrangement of our views and opinions. It is this which gives the writer a vast superiority as to the accuracy and extent of his conceptions over the mere talker.

"To touch and retouch," says Cowper, "though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, is the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself ; and if you would take as much pains as I do you would have no need to ask for my corrections."

"I remember," says Ben Jonson, "the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line." My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand !"

Hasty writing is, at least, a presumptive proof of its want of merit. In this the literary and the natural world resemble each other. The productions of nature, whether vegetable or animal, as they are of a slow or speedy growth, are known to be durable or transitory, solid or substantial. The oak and the elephant are long before they attain perfection, but are still longer before they decay ; while the butterfly and the floweret perish as they arise, almost within a diurnal revolution of the sun. The works of Virgil cost him much time and labour ; but they have existed near two thousand years, universally admired, while the compositions of that poet who boasted that he could write two or three hundred verses while he stood on one leg, were lost in a space almost as short as that in which they were produced.

Zeal.

LET us take care we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and His gospel which is nothing else than our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love.

No persecutor like a conscientious one.

A zealous soul will be a persecuting soul.

Zeal and duty are not slow,

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;

The worst of madness is a saint run mad.

Strong reasons make strong actions.

Vigour and fervency in the service of God is no miraculous gift, no extraordinary prerogative of some peculiar favourite of heaven, but the natural and inseparable property of a well-confirmed habit of holiness.

Whoever regards the early history of Christianity will perceive how necessary to its triumph was that fierce spirit of zeal which, fearing no danger, accepting no compromise, inspired its champions and sustained its martyrs.

To what amazing heights of piety may some be thought to mount, raised on the wings of flaming zeal, and distinguished by uncommon precision and severity about little things, who all the while, perhaps, cannot govern one passion, and appear yet ignorant of, and slaves to, their darling iniquity ! Through an ignorance of themselves, they misapply their zeal, and misplace their self-denial, and by that means blemish their characters with a visible inconsistency.

Good men often blemish the reputation of their piety by over-exacting some things in their religion, by an indiscreet zeal about things wherein religion is not concerned.

True zeal should always begin with true knowledge, and thence proceed to an unwearied passion for what it once knows to be worthy of such passions.

We should be not only devout towards God, but zealous towards men ; endeavouring by all prudent means to recover

them out of those snares of the devil whereby they are taken captive.

I should have
A scorn of flattery and a zeal for truth.

Zeal without mercy is a consuming fire.

If you will have your zeal burn kindly, it must not be set on fire by any earthly matter, but from heaven, where is the mercy-seat, and which is the seat of mercy. If you will be burning lamps you must pour in the oil of mercy. If this oil fail you will rather be beacons than lamps, to put all round about you in arms. Zeal without mercy is always unprofitable and most commonly dangerous, and therefore we must pour in this oil of mercy, which may moderate our zeal and becalm and temper our spirit, which may otherwise hurry us away to the trouble of others and ruin of ourselves.

My religion must not be furious, fiery, implacable, cruel; but peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

"I love to see a man zealous in a good matter," says Addison, "and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind."

"Some things," says Tillotson, "will not bear much zeal; and the more earnest we are about them, the less we recommend ourselves to the approbation of sober and considerate men."

I must remember that—

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish—
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Greek and Roman Poets and Philosophers.

HOMER, the celebrated Greek Epic poet, was the earliest of all the classical writers; his exact date is unknown, being variously placed from 950 to 850 B.C. His 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are the earliest and most perfect Epic poems in the world. There is a tradition that he was blind, which may have arisen from his name, which means blind. The first English version of the 'Iliad' was that of Arthur Hall, 1581. The most celebrated versions of his works are Pope's, 1715—25; Cowper's, 1791; Earl of Derby's, 1864.

HESIOD, a celebrated poet of Bœotia, flourished 735 B.C. Though destitute of the fire and sublimity of Homer, he was admired for elegance of diction and sweetness of rhythm. Virgil took 'The Works and Days' of Hesiod as a model for his 'Georgics.' The Greeks were so partial to him that children had to commit to memory his poems. He was murdered, and his body thrown into the sea, but was discovered by his dog, and his murderers punished.

PYTHAGORAS, a famous Greek philosopher, flourished about 550 B.C. On returning to Greece after his travels he received great honours at the Olympic Games, and was saluted publicly as Sophist—a wise man; but he declined the name, and assumed in preference that of Philosopher—Friend of Wisdom. He is said to have taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls, the present system of astronomy, and to have invented the multiplication table. He is also said to have discovered the propositions of Euclid, I. 47 and III. 31. He settled at Cretona, in Southern Italy, and founded a fraternity of 300 members. According to Aristotle the central doctrine of Pythagoras was that Number is the essence of all things. To Pythagoras the universe was a living arithmetic in its development, a realized geometry in its repose. He was the first to call the world cosmos. The ethics of the Pythagoreans consisted more in ascetic practices, and maxims for the restraint of the passions, than in scientific theory. No writings of Pythagoras, if he ever did write anything, have survived. He is said to have invented the lyre from hearing the sounds produced by a blacksmith hammering iron on his anvil.

PERICLES was the most distinguished of Athenian statesmen. He entered on public life 469 B.C. Pericles was the Julius Cæsar

of Greece. The age of Pericles was the golden age of Greece. Pericles adorned Athens with splendid public buildings—the Parthenon, the Odeum, and the Propylæa. His oratory was singularly forcible. In the sweetness of his voice and in the flow and distinctness of his utterance he resembled Pisistratus, a famous Athenian ‘tyrant’ and first editor of Homer. Pericles was a ‘Liberal,’ a ‘Radical,’ from principle alone. He died of the great plague, which had already carried off two of his sons and many friends, in the autumn of 429 B.C.

SOCRATES, one of the greatest of ancient philosophers, was born at Athens, 469 B.C. He was the son of the Athenian statuary Sophroniscus, and husband of the shrew Zantippe. He was brought up as a statuary, but abandoned his profession to become a teacher of a most unique character, unparalleled in history, and only possible in the then state of society, when all the citizens had a certain amount of education, and lived quite a public life in the Agora (market-place). He never committed his precepts to writing. He was scantily and shabbily clothed, and went barefoot even in the coldest weather. He is said to have been exceedingly ugly. His nature had no trace of bitterness in it. He has been called the Sphinx of philosophy. The central doctrine of his philosophy was, “Virtue is knowledge.” “Socrates,” says Aristotle, “asked questions, but he did not answer them, for he professed not to know.” Socrates would interrogate some official or specialist as to his peculiar subject, and profess himself eagerly desirous of information. This would be readily given; but it would lead to questions, and these to others, till it was found that the pretended knowledge was no knowledge at all. Thus men were convinced of their own ignorance. The range of his inquiry did not extend beyond moral subjects. Being hated by all parties, he was at length accused (399) by the orator Lycon, the tragic poet Meletus, and the demagogue Anytus, of corrupting the youth, and of substituting new for the tutelary deities of the State. He was condemned, and on his boldly refusing to acquiesce in a greater punishment than a fine of 60 minæ (one talent or £245 15s.) he was sentenced to death, and thirty days afterwards was obliged to drink a bowl of hemlock, his last moments being spent in conversation with his friends on the immortality of the soul.

PLATO, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, was born at *Ægina*, 429 B.C. When twenty years old he joined himself to Socrates, whose doctrines and personal character exercised a profound influence on him. After his return from his travels he settled in Athens, where he established a school called the

Academy, in a delightful garden, near Athens. His followers were called *Academics*. Aristotle was among his pupils. He died 347 B.C., at the age of eighty-one, his latter years being disturbed with quarrels in his school. At his Academy he had many wealthy pupils from different cities, from whom he received presents, not fees. He was the Shakespeare of the ancient world. His writings are perfect in point of style. They exhibit great power and distinctness in the delineation of character, infinite wealth of thought and splendour of imagery, rising frequently into magnificent eloquence. Throughout there is exhibited the profoundest acquaintance with human life in all its phases. The dialogues are all impersonal; only twice, and then in the most casual manner, has Plato mentioned himself. In the 'Republic' is to be found the original of Cicero's 'De Republica,' of St. Augustine's 'City of God,' and of Sir Thomas Moore's 'Utopia.' The Neo-Platonists developed certain of his doctrines, and used them in the last intellectual struggle of the heathen world with Christianity. Plato's dialogues have been termed, "Philosophy backed by example." The leading feature of his mind was comprehensiveness.

ARISTOTLE, the most illustrious of Greek philosophers—except Plato—was born at Stagira, 384 B.C. His father, Nicomachus, was physician to Amyntas II., King of Macedon, and died before his son reached his thirteenth year. Aristotle was for twenty years the pupil of Plato, and was called by Plato the Intellect of the School. In 342 B.C., he accepted the invitation of Philip, King of Macedon, to become the tutor of his son Alexander, then thirteen years of age. This relationship continued four years. In 335 B.C., Aristotle returned to Athens, and founded the famous Peripatetic school, to which he soon attracted numerous pupils. Here, during twelve years, in the shady walks of the Lyceum, to his select followers in the morning, and to a wider circle in the afternoon, he expounded in regular lectures the principles of philosophy, rhetoric, and politics. On Alexander's death he was accused by his enemies in Athens of impiety, and fearing the fate of Socrates he retired to Chalcis, where in the same year he died, B.C. 322. His 'Metaphysics' received its name in an arbitrary manner, because in the order of arrangement of his works it came *after* 'The Physics.' It has been said that Aristotle was the creator and the completer of the science and art of reasoning. To Aristotle is attributed the assertion that nature abhors a vacuum.

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest orator of antiquity, was born 385 B.C. He was the son of a rich blacksmith. He became a pupil

of Plato, and at the age of seventeen impeached his guardians, and recovered the greater part of his fortune. He had several physical disadvantages to contend with; to cure his stammering he used to speak with pebbles in his mouth, and to get rid of the distortion of his face, he used to watch the motions of his face in a looking-glass; he strengthened his lungs by running up-hill, and, to accustom himself to the noise of an assembly he used to declaim on the sea-shore. He aroused his countrymen against Philip, King of Macedonia, but at the battle of Cheronæa, 338 B.C., he betrayed his pusillanimity, and saved his life by flight. The Greek States rose on the death of Alexander, 323 B.C., but on the defeat (322) of the confederates he fled to Calauria, and being pursued by Antipater's messengers, poisoned himself in the temple of Neptune.

EPICURUS, a famous philosopher, was born at Samos, or Gargettus, near Athens, 342 B.C. In 302 he opened a school at Athens, where he remained till his death in 272. He taught in a garden, whence his followers were called Philosophers of the Garden. The famous Garden soon became a dangerous rival of the Porch, the Grove, and the Lyceum. At the age of twelve he puzzled his teacher, who had recited to him the verse of Hesiod, "First Chaos was created," with the question: "Who created it?" The teacher answered that only philosophers knew, whereon Epicurus said: "Then philosophers alone henceforth shall instruct me." Epicurus taught that the Supreme Good was Happiness—the enjoyments of the mind, and the practice of virtue. He is said to have written no less than three hundred works; of these only three letters are preserved. He gave his guests at the Garden barley cakes and fresh water. His school was continued till the age of Augustus. Community of goods, he said, implied mistrust. Among Romans, Lucretius, Horace, and Lucian are his chief followers. His health was impaired by constant labour, and he died (270) of a painful internal disease, which he bore with great fortitude. His followers showed great respect to his memory, observing his birth-day with unusual festivity, and devoting a month to mirth and innocent amusements.

ZENO, the Stoic, was born about 340 B.C. at Citium, in Cyprus. He became a merchant, but being deprived of his property by shipwreck, he betook himself to philosophy, and studied at the Academy at Athens. After twenty years' study he opened a school in the piazza, called the Painted Porch, whence his followers were called Stoics (*stoa*, a porch) or philosophers of the porch. After presiding fifty-eight years he put an end to his life about 260. The Athenians, in admiration of his noble

T

character, built his tomb at the public expense, and erected a monument, on which the inscription was carved, "His life corresponded to his precepts." No philosophical doctrines in ancient times produced such noble fruits as those of the Stoics. The truest men in the Roman Empire were followers of Zeno.

CICERO, Marcus Tullius, the prince of Roman orators, a famous statesman and a man of letters, was born near the town of Arpinum, B.C. 106. His family belonged to the equestrian order, but was not accounted "noble." He was murdered, December, 43 B.C., in the 63rd year of his age. For denouncing and crushing the famous Cataline conspiracy he was hailed "Father of his country." His prose Latinity is considered to be the standard of the language. As a poet he ignominiously failed. As an orator he was without a rival. His philosophical works breathe the strictest morality, and are especially valuable as reflecting the different views of the Greek schools of philosophy.

VIRGIL—P. Virgilius Maro—the most celebrated of the Roman Epic poets, was born at Andes, a small village two miles from Mantua, B.C. 70. He became the intimate friend of Augustus, Mæcenæ, Horace, and others. He lived chiefly at Naples, sometimes at Rome. Hard study, enfeebling his naturally weak constitution, brought on his early death, which took place at Brundisium, 19 B.C., aged 51. The inscription on his tomb—said to have been written by himself—was :

In Mantua was I born ; Calabria saw me die ;
Of sheep, fields, wars I sang ; and now in Naples lie.

Dryden says : "Shakespeare was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets ; Jonson was the Virgil and pattern of elaborate writing. I admire rare Ben, but I love Shakespeare."

Virgil was tall and slender, of dark complexion, and plain features, slow of speech, and shy and retiring in his disposition. His 'Georgics' has been called, "The glorification of labour ;" it gives its author the unquestioned title of prince of didactic poets. His greatest work, the 'Æneid,' "the imperial poem and Mirror of the Glory of Rome," was still unfinished at his death. Rome and Augustus are always before the poet of the 'Æneid.' "The 'Georgics' had been the psalm of Italy, the 'Æneid' was the sacred book of the religion of Rome." The reputation of Virgil was above Homer's for centuries. The early Christian writers, especially St. Augustine, are deeply imbued with his spirit, and to Dante Virgil was "the master and guide from whom alone he derived the beauty of his style." Virgil's rank was never higher than in the period between Milton and Goethe. Bossuet knew

him by heart. Burke had the 'Æneid' always open by him. Macrobius, a Latin writer in the 5th century, says: "Such is the glory of Maro, that no man's praise can add to it, no man's blame diminish it."

HORACE—Horatius Flaccus Quintus—a great Latin lyricist, and the most widely read in modern times of all Greek and Roman authors, was born December 8, 65 B.C., near Venusia (now Venosa). In 39 B.C. he was introduced by Virgil and Varius to Mæcenas, who became his life-long patron and friend, and about B.C. 33 gave him the Sabine farm, 30 miles from Rome. About 27 B.C. he won the patronage of Augustus. He died shortly after the death of Mæcenas, 8 B.C., in his 57th year. His satires and epistles are his most natural and original works. They are written in a style at once terse, polished, and colloquial; they are full of shrewd wisdom melting into humour, of earnest precepts enlivened by personal gossip and racy anecdote; and they contain the most vivid pictures of ancient Roman life, both in the luxurious capital and in the neighbouring country district.

He was never married. No poet has been more frequently translated into all languages; while so terse is his expression, so idiomatic his language, that none has been translated with less success.

OVID—Ovidius Naso Publius—one of the greatest and most charming of the Latin poets, was born at Sulmo, of an equestrian family, 43 B.C. At Athens he acquired a perfect mastery of the Greek language. Ovid mixed in the best society in Rome, Horace being one of his friends. At the age of 50 he was banished by an edict of Augustus to Torni, a Thracian town on the banks of the Euxine. His real offence is still unknown. After sending a long series of piteous and humiliating letters to his friends at Rome, but to no purpose, the gifted poet died, revered at Torni, where he had lived in exile twenty years.

Ovid's genius has always commanded the admiration of scholars. His vigorous fancy and exquisite pathos, richness of imagery, and his vast mythological and antiquarian lore, combined with the tuneful melody and bell-like recurrent chime of his verse, have made him a favourite with all modern poets, and won for him from Niebuhr the high praise of being, next to Catullus, the most poetical of the Roman poets.

SENECA—L. Annæus Seneca—was born at Corduba in Spain, in the reign of Augustus, but for the most part lived at Rome. He was appointed tutor to Nero. He acquired immense wealth—estimated at 300,000 sester tia (£2,412,870), which was one of

the main causes of his ruin. Nero envied him a fortune which Seneca offered to refund, asking only a small annuity. Nero, while declining the offer, tried to take off Seneca by poison, but failed. Shortly after, Seneca was accused of attempting the Emperor's life, and was sentenced to die by his own hand. He chose being bled to death—A.D. 65. Seneca shows a wide and varied knowledge of human life. His style is antithetical; his language clear and strong; his treatment of a subject invariably attractive. His works abound in moral sentiments.

God in His providence allowed Rome to do for men's circumstances what he allowed Greece to do for their minds: Greece has given the civilized world her philosophy; Rome her laws—and we must gratefully add Judæa her religion.

THE END.

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